HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. II.—No. 73.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1858. [Price Five Cents.

CONTENTS.

I. Hon. Wm. H. English, of Indiana, with a Portrait.
II. Editorials.
III. The Lounger.
IV. Coming through the Rye—a magnificent Illustration.
V. The Island of Perim, with a Map and an Illustration.
VI. The Accident on the N. Y. Central Railway, with an Illustration.
VII. Literary.
VIII. Domestic Intelligence.
IX. Foreign News.
X. Life in Boston, with four fine Illustrations.
XI. Jerroldiana.
XII. A four-fold Dream.
XIII. Bulwer's "What will he do with it?"—*Continued.*
XIV. Cod-fishing on the Banks of Newfoundland, with two Illustrations.
XV. Miscellany.
XVI. Things Wise and Otherwise.
XVII. Market and Financial Reports.
XVIII. Comicalities.

HON. WILLIAM H. ENGLISH, OF INDIANA.

The subject of this sketch, the Hon. William H. English, was born in Scott County, in the State of Indiana, on the 27th day of August, 1822. The Great Valley of the Mississippi, which is now an empire within itself in wealth and population, was at that time, comparatively speaking, a wilderness, the home of wild and savage beasts, and roving bands of scarcely less savage men. Indiana, one of the galaxy of States, near the centre of this great valley, which has sprung into existence almost as if by enchantment—now the home of more than a million and a quarter of inhabitants, teeming with every luxury and blessing—then had just been born into the sisterhood of States, and the stealthy tread of the Red man had scarcely ceased to be heard, as he prowled around the cabin of the adventurous and hardy pioneer on his errand of savage cruelty and death. Surrounded by such scenes of hardy adventure and of reckless daring, so familiar to the pioneers of the West, Mr. English received his early training and education. His native State being but a few years his senior, "he has grown with her growth, and strengthened with her strength," until he has become thoroughly identified with her interests and prosperity.

He is the only son of the Hon. Elisha G. English, one of the early pioneers of the State, who served many years in both branches of the Legislature, and is widely known as a devoted friend, a sound practical statesman, of the Democratic school, consistent and reliable under all circumstances. But few men have been more active in the support of Democratic men and measures, and his name is intimately associated with the early legislative and political history of his State. Under such parental influence it is not surprising that the son should early have imbibed the father's principles and zeal. He identified himself with the Democratic party, and took a prominent part in the political contests of his county long before he arrived at his majority.

His education was such as could be acquired at the common schools of his neighborhood, and a course of three years' study at the South Hanover University. He studied law with Jesse D. and Michael G. Bright, of Madison, Indiana, and was admitted to practice in the Circuit Court at the early age of eighteen years. He was subsequently admitted to the Supreme Court of his State; and in 1845, in the twenty-third year of his age, to the highest judicial tribunal in the country, the Supreme Court of the United States. He studied law more as a matter of general information than with a view of practicing it as a profession, and now resides upon his farm adjoining the village of Lexington, the county seat of his native county, devoting the time not occupied by the discharge of his official duties in agricultural pursuits, attending to no legal business, except gratuitously for his friends and neighbors, who occasionally solicit his kindly offices in their behalf.

In 1843 he was chosen principal clerk of the House of Representatives of his State over several distinguished and worthy competitors. It was at this session that the Hon. Jesse D. Bright, the then Lieutenant-Governor and President of the Senate, by his casting vote, postponed the regular election of a United States Senator until the next session, which resulted in his own election.

After the election of Mr. Polk to the Presidency, to which Mr. English largely contributed, as an active and efficient politician in his section of the country, he was tendered an appointment in the Treasury Department at Washington, which he accepted, and continued to discharge its duties during that administration. Mr. English confined himself strictly to business, kept himself aloof from the fashionable dissipations of the city, invested his means judiciously, and surrendered his office cheerfully at the close of Mr. Polk's administration.

He was a clerk of the Claims Committee, in the United States Senate, during the memorable session of the Compromise of 1850, but at the close of the session he resigned his position and returned to his native home.

He was elected principal secretary to the State Constitutional Convention which assembled at Indianapolis in October, 1850, to revise the Constitution of his State, and at the adjournment the Convention assigned to him the important trust of supervising the publication of the Constitution, the journal, address, etc. In 1851 he was elected to represent his native county in the State Legislature against an opposition majority, and over a competitor considered the strongest and most popular Whig in the county. This was the first meeting of the Legislature under the provisions of the new Constitution, and judgment and discretion were required of the Legislature to put the new State machinery into harmonious and successful operation. It was, therefore, no small compliment for so young a man as Mr. English to have been chosen over so many older and more experienced of its citizens. When the Legislature met, his name was presented by many friends as a suitable person to fill the important position of Speaker. Hon. John W. Davis was at first elected to the post. On his resignation, Mr. English was elected in his place without serious opposition, and presided with dignity and ability over that body.

In October, 1852, Mr. English was elected to the United States House of Representatives. He entered Congress at the commencement of Mr. Pierce's administration, and gave its political measures a warm and hearty support. It was at the opening of this Congress that Mr. Douglas introduced his famous Kansas-Nebraska bill. Mr. English was a member of the House Committee on Territories, which was charged with the consideration and report of the bill; and, although not concurring with the majority of the Committee in the propriety and expediency of bringing forward the measure at that time, yet, when the issue was made before the country, he—believing the principle it contained to be right—gave it his most hearty and cordial support, not only by his votes and his voice upon the floor of the House, but by his judicious and skillful action upon an Advisory Committee, whose immediate duty it was to look after the interests of the measure to insure its success.

In 1854 the National Democracy of his district nominated him for reelection to Congress, and, after passing through one of the fiercest and most bitter partisan canvasses ever before known in his State, he was elected; and was again chosen at the close of this second term.

On his first entrance into Congress he was appointed by the Speaker of the House of Representatives a Regent of the Smithsonian Institution—a rare compliment to a new member and to so young a man as Mr. English—to which place he has been continued by each subsequent Speaker of the House, and has filled the responsible position in a manner highly honorable to himself and practically beneficial to the Institution. He is now chairman of one of the most important committees of the House—that of Post-offices and Post-roads.

At the opening of the present session of Congress the Kansas question, under a new phase, again arose. Hitherto he had acted and voted upon this question in harmony with his political colleagues and the Democratic administration; but he now found it impossible to persevere in that course. In the closing paragraph of a speech delivered by him in the House of Representatives, on the 9th March last, in exposition of his views upon that question he clearly defined his position and his ultimatum. He said;

"In conclusion, Mr. Chairman, I repeat that I think, before Kansas is admitted, her people ought to ratify, or at least have a fair opportunity to vote upon, the Constitution under which it is proposed to admit her; at the same time, I am not so wedded to any particular plan that I may not, for the sake of harmony and as a choice of evils, make reasonable concessions, *provided the substance would be secured;* which is the making of the Constitution, at an early

HON. WILLIAM H. ENGLISH, OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

day, conform to the public will, or at least that the privilege and opportunity of so making it be secured to the people beyond all question. Less than this would not satisfy the expectations of my constituents, and I would not betray their wishes for any earthly considerations. If, on the other hand, all reasonable compromises are voted down, and I am brought to vote upon the naked and unqualified admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution, I distinctly declare that I can not, in conscience, vote for it."

He made the motion to accede to the request of the Senate, made under unusual circumstances, for a Committee of Conference upon the disagreeing votes between the two Houses, under a strong sense of duty, as a courtesy due from one branch of the legislative department to the other, and with some hope that some intermediate or middle ground might be found upon which both Houses could stand, and their disagreements be healed. As he expressed it at the time he made the motion to grant the conference, no harm could possibly grow out of it, and good might result. The conference was granted, and he was appointed chairman of the Committee on the part of the House. As the Senate had asked for the conference, the managers on behalf of that branch of Congress were informed by Mr. E. that propositions for a compromise must first come from them. If they had none to offer the managers on the part of the House had none, and the conference would immediately terminate. The managers on the part of the Senate made several propositions, none of which, however, were acceptable to the members on behalf of the House. The Senate Committee then asked the members from the House if they had any compromise to offer, to which Mr. E. replied that he had none prepared, but he had a plan in his mind, based, however, upon the principle of a submission of the question of admission under the Lecompton Constitution and an amended ordinance to a fair vote of the people of Kansas, and if the Committee thought it worth while he would prepare it, and submit it to them at their next meeting. They told him to do so. This is the inside history of the origin of the great Kansas Compromise Measure which has just been consummated in the Congress of the United States. The honor of this great triumph in a great measure belongs to Mr. English.

Mr. English is a man of action rather than of words. His efforts as a debater are more remarkable for practical common sense than for brilliancy of oratory or the flowers of rhetoric; his mind, strictly practical in all its scope and bearings, is eminently utilitarian. Energy of character, firmness of purpose, and an unswerving integrity are his chief characteristics. In personal intercourse he is inclined to be retiring and reserved, which might be attributed to haughtiness or pride by a stranger, but to an acquaintance and friend he is open, candid, and affable. In the private and social relations of life he stands "without blemish and above reproach."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 22, 1858.

THE ANNIVERSARIES.

WHATEVER preference our modern Diogenes, Thomas Carlyle, may cherish for heroic souls working out, in solitary grandeur, schemes of high achievement, our age has learned the value of associated action. These cheerful, open, daylight activities accord best with the spirit of our Christian faith, and so Anniversary Week comes in with spring-time and May as a festive occasion. The reunions of the past week have excited more than ordinary interest; partly from the fact that all the great Societies have had to weather an unprecedented financial storm, and partly because some of the most important of them have been agitated with internal controversy.

The Anniversary of the Ladies' Home Mission, on Monday evening, was made also the occasion of opening the spacious hall of the Cooper Institute—thus uniting, at the outstart of its career, the interests of science with the charities of religion. Mr. Cooper, upon taking the chair, was cordially greeted by the audience, and read an address, setting forth the objects of this his munificent benefaction to the citizens of New York. The Five Points Mission, under the care of this Society, has had a prosperous year; a new school building has been completed and paid for; eight hundred children have been taught, and thousands fed and supplied with clothing. Two hundred and fifty of the children under the care of the Mission were present, and added to the interest of the occasion by their singing and admirable Bible recitations.

On the same evening was held the thirtieth Anniversary of the American Seamen's Friend Society. Jack Tar is proverbially incapable of taking care of himself, and this truly Christian association has gone before him into foreign lands, setting up for him, in distant sea-ports, home and church, ministering to him in sickness, and watching over him with quiet but helpful care. There are fifteen foreign stations under its care in North and South America, Europe, and Asia; and it is gratifying to learn that the receipts of the Society have not fallen off during the past disastrous year.

At the meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, on Tuesday and Wednesday, resolutions were passed condemning the revival, and counseling the Northern States to combine in resisting the General Government.

But the interest of the Anniversary Week culminated in the annual meeting of the American Tract Society, held Wednesday morning, the 12th inst., in the Collegiate Church, Lafayette Place. Preliminary caucuses were held on Monday and Tuesday, and on Wednesday the church was crowded to repletion with a dense throng of members and spectators. The question at issue was the refusal of the Executive Committee to comply with the directions given them at the annual meeting of 1857 to publish tracts upon the moral aspects of Slavery. These directions are contained in the following, the fourth resolution of the report of that year, where it is stated "that the political aspects of Slavery lie entirely without the proper sphere of this Society, and can not be discussed in its publications, but that those moral duties which grow out of the existence of Slavery, as well as those moral evils and vices which it is known to promote, and which are condemned in Scripture, and so much deplored by Evangelical Christians, undoubtedly do fall within the province of this Society, and can and ought to be discussed in a fraternal and Christian spirit."

The Executive Committee proceeded to justify their action, at great length, on the following grounds: 1. A new state of feeling, not apparent when the resolutions were passed, had been developed, and which rendered the publication of such tracts highly inexpedient. 2. At the time of the passage of the resolutions a discretion had been lodged with the Committee to shape their action in such a manner as would tend to promote the widest and best usefulness of the Society throughout the country. 3. In the passing the resolutions the Society did not intend all the consequences which the Committee were assured would follow upon their execution. 4. In this doubt of the intention of the Society the Committee felt themselves bound by the rule that the "action of subordinates should, as far as possible, avoid innovation;" and they, therefore, determined to leave the question unembarrassed, for the future consideration of the Society itself. 5. They doubted if the constitution of the Society did not forbid the publications required.

Bishop M'Ilvaine, of Ohio—one of the original members of the Society, and its oldest Vice-President—earnestly advocated the adoption of the Report. Dr. Bethune also sustained the views of the Report in an elaborate speech. Dr. Tyng moved, as a substitute, that the resolutions be reaffirmed, and that the Executive Committee be directed to carry them into effect, which was lost. Drs. Krebs, Bacon, Thompson of the *Independent*, and others, participated in the debate, which was exceedingly spirited, though maintained, on the whole, with good temper. The Report of the Executive Committee was finally adopted by a decided majority.

The American Bible Society held its forty-second Anniversary on Thursday morning, Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen presiding. The income of the Society during the past year has been $390,759 49. 250,000 Bibles and 381,000 Testaments have been printed, together with 500 volumes in raised letters for the blind; the total number of volumes issued since the formation of the Society is 12,808,487. There seems to be a general acquiescence in the recent action of the Board of Managers upon the questions mooted with regard to the revised edition of the Bible; there was no controversy at the annual meeting upon this subject.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions celebrated their Anniversary on Friday, the 14th instant, at Dr. Cheever's church, a large audience being present. Addresses were delivered by several missionaries from foreign fields.

Besides these, the American and Foreign Christian Union, the Female Guardian Society, the New York State Colonization Society, the American Temperance Union, the Five Points House of Industry, and others were represented in the gatherings of the Anniversary Week. It is gratifying to learn that the receipts of the past year are about equal to those of the year preceding.

GOVERNOR KING'S APOLOGY FOR HIS SYMPATHY.

Governor King's private Secretary, in a card published by the Albany "State paper," apologizes for the commutation of Maurice O'Connell's sentence. Letters from the twelve jurymen, from Judge Ingraham, who presided at the trial, and from the actual as well as acting District Attorney, who prosecuted, are cited at great length to show that the action of the Governor was *requested* by the writers. In our judgment, the apology weakens the act of clemency. The convict was adjudged guilty of the double felony of rape and murder. It is true he was young in years, but youth has long ceased to be an arbitrary measure of life. The boys of this century are not by any means like the boys of 1758; and it was *among* the youth of the country that the example of rigid law was required.

The Governor has the prerogative of clemency reposed in *him* to be used at *his* discretion. He is to resist persecution, on the one hand, and to withstand mistaken sympathy upon the other. If the apology of the private Secretary is to be regarded, then it was not Governor King who acted, but the jurors, the judge, and the prosecutor; for the card admits, that upon all the other circumstances of the case the Governor was for allowing the law to have its course—to the interposition of the functionaries he yielded. Would the District Attorney enter *nolle prosequi* on an indictment if the Governor requested it? Would Judge Ingraham excuse a witness on the Executive asking it? When the functions of Government are distributive, no one branch should interfere with the action of another beyond giving a statement of facts.

But the "card" suggests another consideration, arising from the mawkish sympathy for criminals that is shown by this case to impress all the branches of justice. We have only space to quote from ex-Judge and acting District-Attorney Whiting's letter to the Executive:

"On looking into the case from the papers presented to me preparatory to the trial, I came to the conclusion that the strong probabilities were, that these boys went to the cellar where the deceased was, under the impression that it was a house of ill-fame. That the woman was held by the throat, with no intention to take life, and, perhaps, ignorant that the deceased was afflicted with goitre, and that a slight pressure upon the throat might have produced the unintentional fatal result. Without in the least intending to extenuate the crime, it presented itself to my then, and I think still unbiased judgment, as a proper case to *take a plea of manslaughter in the first degree*. Such a plea was proffered by the counsel for the prisoner. The next day the friends of O'Connell seemed to blame his counsel so seriously, that the Assistant District Attorney and myself determined to make no opposition to a motion, on behalf of O'Connell, to *withdraw the plea*. The Court granted the motion, and the prisoner and his friends repent of their folly, and are now at the feet of your Excellency pleading for mercy. I confess I am also there with them.

"As, however, the counsel of the prisoner has desired me to write what in substance I intended to have written, *I have yielded not only to his desire, but to what I think a duty*.

"The convict is a youth, as near as I could judge, about sixteen; his life a forfeit of the law; a victim of bad habits and a want of early moral training—*if ever an inmate of one of our Common Schools, one from which the Bible, the best school-book ever placed in the hands of children, was probably ruthlessly ejected.*

"The idea that simply to educate the brain, and to neglect the heart, is the duty of the State, is to my mind the greatest error of the age. The Bible is the hand-book which points out the path, the straight and narrow way, which leads to life, and is resorted to by all religionists following after our Saviour. Why should it be rejected if used without note or comment? Excuse me, Sir, this digression does not belong to this letter, and I trust your Excellency will forgive it. *My heart bleeds for not only this poor lad, but for hundreds I see around me every day, following in his footsteps, which the goodness of an unseen arm, rather than the moral training of the State or of the home, restrains.*"

The "boys went into a cellar under an impression it was a house of ill-fame"—one of them ravished an old woman, "held by the throat, ignorant that slight pressure might have produced the fatal result"—and, "without in the least intending to extenuate the crime," Mr. Whiting's heart "bleeds for not only the poor lad, but for hundreds I see around me every day following in his footsteps!"

This same logic would, if shared in by *all* prosecutors and Governors, make New York city worse than a Caffre settlement; and it is against such sympathy we have constantly protested in these columns.

ASSASSINATION AS A POLITICAL METHOD.

The New York *Tribune* has published a manifesto, signed by certain French exiles, in justification of the attempt recently made by Orsini and others to assassinate the Emperor of the French, and in palliation—to use the mildest term—of the abstract principle of assassination as a political method.

The fact revives the old question which all our collegiate readers have at some time or other been called upon to discuss at some college debating society—*An Brutus bene aut male fecit quum Cæsarem obtruncavit?* And the arguments in favor of the regicide Brutus and against him will at once occur to the disciples of every Alma Mater in the country.

The world, happily, is not a debating society. Theories are of consequence, in everyday life, only in so far as they can be reduced to practice. There is, therefore, no necessity to investigate the abstract right of tyrannicide as a preliminary to judging the authors of the attempt of the Rue Lepelletier. We, at least, make no pretension to lay down abstract rules for the guidance of humanity. Our part in this world will be performed to our own satisfaction if, in accepting facts as they are, we succeed in directing public attention to the best propensities of human nature, and setting forth in as strong a light as we can the mischievousness and fallacy of its evil inclinations.

Practically, then, assassination is wrong, because it devolves upon the assassin the private right of judging who deserves death. If, practically, it were admitted that any one who had the courage was justified in assassinating those whose existence appeared to him antagonistic to the public weal, society would be at an end. The needy borrower would assassinate the lender of money at usurious rates. The hopeless debtor would assassinate his cruel creditor. The gay Lothario would assassinate some curmudgeon of a husband. The injured husband would assassinate some fancied destroyer of his peace. There would, in fact, be no end to the homicides. There are, probably, but few readers of these lines who can not call to mind some individual whose death would promise positive good to the world at large. If Pierri and Orsini were justified in assassinating Louis Napoleon, all of these persons would be clearly entitled to perpetrate the particular murders which seem in their sphere to be especially necessary. It is easy to realize the state of things to which this would lead.

Society involves a certain abandonment of the right of private judgment. When a man becomes a member of society, he relinquishes to the social body certain of his natural rights, among which is that of ridding the world of obnoxious individuals. Having done so, he has no right, thereafter, to resume that right. Society has adopted certain fixed laws by which such individuals may be disposed of; no member of society can usurp that right.

It may be that Napoleon the Third deserves death. Into that question we do not now propose to enter. But if Signor Orsini or any other individual be morally justifiable in trying him before the tribunal of his own mind, sentencing him, and executing him, there is no reason why the same latitude should not be granted to other persons in other meridians. Thus, we infer from the language of several late anti-slavery orators and presses that the crimes of the Southern statesmen are of the most heinous die, and that the world would be greatly benefited by their removal from the political arena. According to the apostles of assassination, these persons might be justifiably assassinated. Just so, certain Southern journals describe the Editors of the New York *Tribune* as creatures unfit to live. According to Monsieur Felix Pyat, these Southrons would but exercise a natural right in assassinating the *Tribune* Editors.

We leave to the American sympathizers with the European assassins the agreeable task of justifying these legitimate deductions from their principles.

THE LOUNGER.

THE ANNIVERSARY WEEK.

"Oh! that I had the throat of a crane, that I might taste it all the long way down!" sighed the honest gourmand, who was doubtless fated to die of apoplexy. And, oh! that I were all ear and eye and ubiquitous, sighs good Dr. Primrose in his soul, as he glances over the programme of this famous week. At the doors of restaurants he sees the lickersome placard, "Hot dinners from twelve to six!" and so in the papers he reads the alluring advertisements of meetings and speeches without number from Monday morning to Saturday night—and hot enough at that!

Anniversary Week is the great safety-valve of our social, political, and moral system. The extra steam is blown off in one huge shriek, which, for the rest of the year, is puffed and fizzled away through the columns of newspapers. If any body has a wrong to be righted, let him wait till May, and then bring it on. The compassionate heavens know what is coming, and store their cooling moisture against the chosen time. The people may furiously rage together, and the whole city bubble and seethe with scalding eloquence, but the celestial watering-pot judiciously sprinkles all, and every body and every thing are the more refreshed.

This year there has been an unusual vivacity and interest in the meetings, and a corresponding copiousness of showers. Poor Dr. Primrose has had a dreadful time of it, slopping about from one church to another, from one hall to another, with Mrs. P. and the Misses P. upon his arms and in his train. To combine the Tract Society and Stewart's—the Temperance Union and a lunch at Taylor's—has perplexed all the sagacity of the worthy clergyman. To prevent the large family umbrella from moistening his neighbors in the crowd, or to parry their sour looks and sharp remarks when the wet strikes through to their legs, has tried all the resources and the Christian humor of the Doctor. His cravat was sadly rumpled by Wednesday, and Mrs. P. had room for only two in her large trunk, so that the good man was a limp and unclerical spectacle by the time the morning arrived when Mrs. P. allows the fresh neck-tie.

But he was on all the platforms, pressing down all the aisles, rubbing his spectacles and his hands, his beaming face dilating with the humor of Bethune, kindling with the fervor of Beecher, brightening with the clear touch of M'Clintock, wondering under the sting of Tyng, lighted with the brilliancy of Chapin—he was every where—he saw, and heard, and applauded all.

Every where? All? Yes—for of course he could not applaud, but only pity, as he hurried by Mozart Hall, where people were engaged in discussing the rights (as they are called) of persons, whose case was settled by the Supreme Court of the United States, and where other people were insisting that delicate women ought to be allowed to vote!

"Forward creatures!" cried Mrs. P., as she towed her husband rapidly by the door, "what do they want the vote for?"

"What for, indeed!" echoed the benign Doctor, inquiringly, remembering how wonderfully Mrs. P. carried all her points without taking any vote.

"Ah!" said this really good man, and tender Christian pastor, "why don't these people adjourn, and spend their week profitably in listening to the learned Dr. ——, and the judicious Dr. ——? What is the use of these useless agitations?"

And so every body had his way and his say in the great Maelstrom of meetings. There was sharp shooting in many parts of the field, but every in

tellectual battle was opened with prayer, and was mainly fought in the church. So there were no hard feeling, no bitter recrimination, no unchristian want of courtesy. Reverend brother deferred to reverend brother. Even the laity were kindled with the clerical spirit; and Dr. Primrose left town with refreshed Christian zeal, and a profounder respect for his fellow-beings.

ANOTHER!

THERE is something sickening in the first sight of a telegraphic dispatch in the first edition of an evening paper—"Terrible Railroad Accident. Particulars later." Every body has so many friends traveling every where! Whose death-doom have we heard now? It is like the dull roar of distant cannon to those who know their best and dearest are in the battle.

The present case is simple enough. A bridge was left uncared for to that degree that a traveler, seeing it a week before, had declared it was mere "punk"—mere rotten wood; and the weight of two trains crossing at the same time broke it down and whelmed passengers and cars in fearful destruction.

Now, is it cruel to say that, if it can be proved to have been the business of any officer to attend to the condition of that bridge—if it can be satisfactorily shown that the bridge was rotten, and that the officer had not known nor reported it—is it cruel to say that he ought to suffer a punishment as capital as he who fires a pistol into a crowd and kills a man? In this country, where our railroads are not fenced in—where, by the very nature of the case, accidents are so much more possible than elsewhere—shall we ever have a sense of tolerable safety, until somebody suffers for these dreadful slaughters?

Some catastrophes are inevitable. The consequences of the breaking of axles, the splitting of rails by frost, and some others can hardly be avoided. But the loss of life by such chances is inconsiderable every year; while the massacre by *avoidable* accidents is so great that no man travels himself, or parts with a friend at the cars, without a vague feeling—at which he may even laugh—that it is a solemn parting. So is all parting, indeed; but that of a criminal on the scaffold and the sheriff is more solemn than that of girls kissing good-night after the Opera.

How much jobbing and lobbying must there be before some man in the Legislature will propose a bill of the most stringent character in relation to railroad disasters—and what, short of a mangled wife or child, will induce all other men in the Legislature to vote for it?

THE QUEEN!

A STORY is very apt to blossom out with the trees, that the Queen of England is coming over to see her Canadian possessions. It is in full flower this season, and we wish it might bear some fruit. Because, if she came to Canada, she could hardly decline a visit across the border. If she visits little German allies upon the Rhine, she could not refuse a great American ally upon the Atlantic.

How curious and interesting the spectacle would be! If she went to Washington, would bachelor Buchanan invite her to stay at the White House, or would she take rooms at the National Hotel? If she came to New York, would the Corporation present the freedom of the city in a snuff-box, and take her in a carriage to the Central Park, and in a small steamer to Blackwell's Island? Would she receive us all in the Governor's room? Would the Mayor give her a dinner at the Metropolitan Hotel, or would Dr. Bethune make one of his capital after-dinner speeches? How about shopping? More than all, about calling? Who might call? Who might not? Of course Mrs. Van Hoop might, for her husband belongs to one of our old families. He goes distinctly back to sixteen hundred and seventy, when old Diedrich Van Hoop was as good a cooper as was found on the continent. But how about Mrs. M'Masters, whose husband's father was a mason? To be sure in the year sixteen hundred and seventy old Sawney M'Masters was one of the council, but perhaps that doesn't count.

We should all like to see the Queen. The gallantry of the American people is prodigious. She would have a tremendous ovation. Our great orator, the laudator of Washington, the friend of mankind, and the Cicero of America, would welcome her in the most polished and graceful manner. We should all cry, "Amen." It would be a scene unprecedented in history. And what impressions and reflections would not the Queen and mother bear back with her to England!

COTTON RISING.

THE chief resistance to the Austrian rule in Italy is the silent, social protest of the aristocracy of Milan against the Viceroys. The old Faubourg St. Germain, in Paris, "cut" Louis Philippe when he became King, and reserved the homage of their loyalty for Henry the Fifth, who has grown old in exile, and will never be King of France; but the hauteur of the French nobility was less absolute and rigid than that of Lombardy.

Lately the Viceroy gave a ball at his palace, to which the Milanese gentry would not go. It is very Toots-y, of course. It is not of the slightest consequence whether they do or not. But the charm is that the Archduke Maximilian, instead of being sulky and shutting up his ball-rooms, invited "traders and other plebeians." Yes, O Wall Street, and South Street, and Broad Street, and Pearl Street—merchants and *other* plebeians! But not content with this single flagrant enormity, he actually danced with—*the daughter of a cotton merchant!* Of course the few noble persons who were present were properly angry. They were logically so. If plebeian traders, bankers, and such rubbish, are to be asked to the Vice-Imperial palace—if the representative of the sovereign is to dance with young cotton girls—they did quite right to ask themselves, "What is the use of being descended from bandits and murderers, from Viscontis and Sforzas? If people who have done nothing but secure fortunes a hundred times as large as ours by an intelligent use of honest talents, and haven't a solitary town captured and sacked, or a wholesale massacre committed, by their ancestors, two or three, or even four, hundred years ago, to show for it—if such as these are to have social honors, and dance with Austrian Archdukes, where are we?"

Exactly so: where are they? and where are they going to?

"Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heaven above us bent,
The gardener Adam and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good;
True hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

WHO NEXT?

IT is a curious and interesting inquiry which possesses the mind of every lounger as he strolls (?) through Wall Street—"Which of these well-dressed, respectable, smug, and gentlemanly beings, whom every body salutes, and walks with, unsuspiciously—which of all these is going to turn out to be the next great scoundrel?"

It is a dirty question, but it is unavoidable. Fraud has become so common that we may well believe the public sense of morality has been dulled. The sophistication of trade is probably more subtle and pernicious than even the most sensitive men had suspected. Men's characters, their honesty, and veracity are perpetually toppling over, like great banking-houses, with an immense granite expression of strength, and without the slightest power to resist the meanest pressure. When a great granite house falls occasionally, it is a matter of universal wonder and alarm, and the town is convulsed with excitement. But when they tumble down all the time—when, in fact, there seems to be a chronic earthquake—people no longer build high and strong houses, but run up little low huts that may fall without observation or care.

That is the kind of commercial character which the City of New York is rapidly running up for itself. When a man of large financial responsibility betrays his trust and steals the money, nobody is aghast any more—nobody stops and sighs over the ruin—for nobody expected any thing else. Yet beauty, grace, strength, purity, permanence, splendor—every thing that is valuable in character and building—are, for all that, laid upon eternal foundations. A decent man prefers a country where there *were* great men to that in which the living men are mean; as the traveler would live happily in the ruins of the Parthenon who would not care to be King in the rush palaces of Caracas.

SHELLEY AND BYRON.

IN our last *Weekly* there was a notice of Trelawney's book upon the last days of Byron and Shelley, just published in Boston. It is a very interesting book, for three reasons: first, it speaks of Shelley; second, it speaks of Byron; and, thirdly, it treats of Trelawney, who married a Greek girl during the Greek revolution, thirty years ago, and had curious adventures in the war in which Byron did not live to fight.

The book is surly, and John Bullish, and flippant enough. It is the work of an Englishman without imagination, whose solid sense was profoundly affected by the delicate quality of Shelley's genius; but could naturally see in Byron only the restless and wretched discontent of a cripple. In fact, no book ever published about Byron shows him in a more contemptible light. His vanity, his peevishness, his jealousy, and his meanness are amply displayed by Mr. Trelawney; and it is amusing to pause an instant, and reflect that you are reading of a poet who fascinated his own contemporaries more than any poet who ever lived. But Trelawney's account of his death is so touching that, in the emotion it excites, you feel quite willing to forgive every thing moody in his career. That solitary death, in a desolate Greek village, upon the margin of a deadly marsh, is one of the piteous scenes in famous biography. When the servant showed Trelawney into the room in which lay Byron's embalmed body in the coffin, Trelawney sent him out for a glass of water, and then, lifting the shroud, saw that both Byron's feet were clubbed, and his legs withered to the knee. A man of honor could not have done it. He would have respected his friend's life-long wish that what was of no use to any one to know more fully, might be left sacred in the secrecy in which he had always hidden it.

But the chief interest of the book is the detail of Shelley's life in his last days. It is a slight sketch; but, like every thing which is added to our knowledge of him, it shows the sweet and rare quality of the poet, and leaves a very vivid and delicate image of him in the memory. The life of Shelley has never been adequately written. Two volumes of a biography of him, by Thomas Jefferson Hogg, which is to be completed in four volumes, have just been published in London. Mr. Hogg was a contemporary of Shelley, and was exiled with him from Oxford; and his name seems to suggest that he is the son of some English republican of the beginning of the century, who believed in Liberty, and named his son Thomas Jefferson. But this biography would appear to be only a collection of materials; and, beyond that, rather an unsatisfactory work.

TAKE CARE!

THE city Government is really in danger of losing its reputation! If it does not take great care it will come to be considered tolerably honest! Municipality and swindling will not be thought synonymous terms! The nominations of Commissioners for the new City Hall are as threatening in their promise of good management and accomplishment of some decent result as the appointment of Mr. Cooper as Street Inspector. But there are fairy tales which the nurse tells us are too good to be true; and a good city government had long been relegated to the realms of faery. How delightful to think of Mayor Tiemann as the conquering young Prince who was to arrive and break all the spells of the wicked enchanter! And what charming fairies the aldermen will make!

HONORS TO THE HONORABLE.

IT is always difficult to say to whom the credit of an original invention belongs. Is the germination of a plant due to the earth, the moisture, the heat, or the air? They have all part in it. Without each it would never sprout. So an invention is the result of coincident thought. Many minds furnish something toward it. Finally it springs fully formed from one of them, which has the chief credit of it, as the earth on which the plants appear is called their mother.

Thus it is with the electric telegraph. The laws which ultimately led to this result were known by many persons, the various qualities of chemicals were no private knowledge; attempts, experiments, suggestions, were many and valuable, but at last Mr. S. F. B. Morse combined them in a striking success, and his name is forever justly associated with the great invention.

Now, just associations are thin diet even for a discoverer. It is more than many of them ever get, to be sure, but it is not all they deserve. If great and successful generals are to be presented with estates—and what wise Lounger would deny it, seeing that he may some day be himself a great and successful general?—why should not the great discoverers be honored with every sign of honor?

"They order this matter better in France," said Mr. Yorick; and if we can say a good word for that dreariest of despotisms, let us hasten to say it.

The French Government, then, proposes, in concert with Austria, Belgium, the Netherlands, Piedmont, Russia, the Roman States, Sweden, Tuscany, and Turkey—all of which states use Morse's apparatus—to give Mr. Morse a "bonus" (plum in English) of a hundred thousand dollars.

'Faith, might Mr. Yorick say, it will send none of them to the poor-house!

But five hundred thousand francs is a sum to be profoundly respected. What benefactor of his kind would not willingly receive the same total? And the interesting question instantly arises, What percentage ought to be allowed in advance to those who hope to be benefactors?

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

WE hope the strangers do not forget that May is also the anniversary of Art—that in Tenth Street they may see what the painters have been doing, and what is the promise of Art for us in future.

Yet this year, as we have previously hinted, they will find that the names best known to them, perhaps, are, generally, least favorably represented. That is natural enough. Homer can not be always singing Iliads and Odysseys. Huntington can not always be painting Mercy's Dreams. This year, indeed, Mr. Huntington has undoubtedly been so much engaged upon his great picture for Mr. Wright—the thirty scientific portraits—that he has merely sent a few works to secure his name a place in the catalogue. President Durand, too, sends his usual landscapes. They are pastoral and pleasing—the same quiet cattle under the same quiet trees or standing in the same quiet water. The same quiet blue mountains, and quiet green meadows, and quiet little spire, and quiet summer sky over all. It is an English aspect of rural beauty that Mr. Durand produces, sweet, soothing, peaceful.

Mr. Gray carries us beyond England to Italy, and asks us how we like Tintoretto and Titian. "I do not deny," he seems to say, "that you may paint good pictures now, or that somebody—Couture, Turner, or somebody else—is a great painter. But I *know* that the old fellows painted good things, and that they are still our masters. There can be but one way of painting a fine picture. You have pigments and canvas, and you must combine them properly. The principles of success in painting must be immutable, and I think the Venetians knew more distinctly what they were than any other artists. So, by your leave, I am to try to find out what they were, and if I can paint as Tintoretto painted, you may paint as you please."

This is undoubtedly the annual speech made by Mr. Gray's pictures. The critics and artists "fire away" at them, and if to call paintings "old picture" is to abuse them, Mr. Gray's paintings are abused. But if, sitting before them, any Lounger shall find himself returning to the land of old picture, floating along the gleaming canals, and seeing in the sky and air and water of Venice the beauty which inspired her painters, he will not think the moments lost that he has passed with the works of their lover.

In Mr. Elliott's portraits of this year, the chief difference from other years is in the frames. The works themselves appear to be of the average ability. But if the gentleman at full length taking down the book from the shelves is really in a possible and natural position, why might we not have had another view of it in which it might *appear* to be simple and natural? Does a gentleman ever take down a book in that manner?

But whether Mr. Elliott puts a subject in one position or another, his own position as a portrait-painter is assured and conceded.

So is Mr. Hicks's. He exhibits this year fewer large pictures than in some previous years, but the same qualities of firmness, clearness, and distinct thought mark them all, whether they are portraits or cabinet pictures, or studies of certain effects of light and color, or landscape.

HOMER REDIVIVUS.

IT has long been known that Mr. Charles Dickens is one of the best actors in England, and his public speaking upon general political and moral and industrial questions is not surpassed in wit and brilliancy and effect by any English orator. He has, also, at various times during the last few years, read some of his smaller Christmas stories in public for the benefit of different charities. In these readings the same overflowing geniality which is the charm of his writing and speaking, entirely captivates his audience, so that there is nothing more delightful than an evening of these readings.

It is Homer redivivus. It is another last minstrel. It is the return of the Troubadours—with this great difference in favor of London over the Wartburg, that since Homer sang his tale of Troy divine to listening and applauding Greeks, there has probably been nothing so stirring as Dickens reading his Carol and his Chimes.

He has hitherto read exclusively for charity to others, but he is now claiming that charity begins at home, by reading for himself. The brother of Albert Smith, who managed the business relations of the "Mont Blanc" by which Smith has made a fortune, is to manage the details of the readings; and there can be little doubt of an equally good result for the author.

And what preaching it will be all over England! The little stories of Dickens are quick with the wisest humanity. No man has a keener insight into human character, no one has a more various experience of life, no one has a profounder and more generous sympathy with suffering and effort than he, and all these advantages, invaluable to a public teacher, are made available in his stories, which are already a part of the best literature of the world, as no other living man can hope to make them available.

What a preacher, then, is here! How can we well compute the extent and quality of such an influence as this? It is not often that a man who can write well can either speak or read well; but when the best writer is also one of the best speakers and readers, his contemporaries enjoy something which those who come after them must always long for and regret. We do not know very much of Shakespeare's acting—enough, however, to believe that it was not very remarkable. But had he possessed the genius of the actor corresponding to his power as a dramatist, who would not envy the men who sat in the little Globe theatre and saw Shakespeare play Hamlet and Mercutio?

If any Lounger knows not what to do with his time and money this summer, let him imitate Lord Bateman, "ship himself on board a ship," and cross the ocean to hear Dickens read Dickens.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—I saw what you said of Troye's Oriental paintings at the Apollo Rooms, and I went to see them. I wish I had met more people there; I wish you would tell me why, when a collection of most excellent pictures is exhibited, and a collection so small that it would take little time to look at it, but each picture large enough and accurate enough to leave a memorable impression of the scene, it should be passed by, while less meritorious exhibitions succeed. The pictures are to be seen but a week longer; and, having seen them, I want to testify that what you said of them was correct.

"Yours respectfully, A PILGRIM."

—A PILGRIM has perhaps been too long away from his country to have discovered that success in an exhibition of pictures, like success every where, does not depend upon merit, but upon some fortunate accident of fashion or peculiar prestige. An appeal to the public, in any direction, is not unlike taking a chance in a lottery. With the literary success of Tupper in full remembrance, how can any body be surprised by the failure of any body in any direction. The Lounger hopes, with *A Pilgrim*, that those who are interested—and who is not?—in the scenes of the Holy Land will use the little time that remains to see the pictures.

—MR. BEN LOPER, who recently put his jaundice into rhyme, has suddenly experienced a change of health and sentiment by taking a generous treatment of spring air and country landscape. His letter, describing his delight, is too long to be entirely printed. He says, modestly:

"Politicians, when they alter their opinions, generally write a lengthy letter to the papers, giving their reasons; and although I don't presume to suppose that there is any comparison between them and myself, seeing that the safety of our country and the world depend upon them, still I humbly follow their example."

Mr. Ben Loper, it seems, went out to walk in the woods and fields:

"The birds were every where. In the blossoming cherry-tree, or the brawny-armed elm, they hopped and sang—the wren, the yellow-bird, the blue-bird, the robin, the glossy blackbird.

"Especially on one small tree I saw the lower branches filled with little birds, and they were laughing all together, like you have seen a company of little girls—oh! so merrily!—the more they laughed the harder it was to stop. If they even paused to take breath, one of them would chirp out something *so* funny that even before they had got their little lungs full they had to begin again: and after a while a Mrs. Robin Redbreast, sitting higher up, couldn't help it, but burst out herself. (Birds don't grow stern and morose after they are married.)

"I dared not disturb the delicate sounds with my gruff ha! ha! but you can not imagine how happy I felt.

* * * * * *

"As I rode back upon my horse I felt that I had been born anew. Now the birds, the grass, the leaves, the flowers, had all a charm for me. But I, and not the spring, was changed.

* * * * *

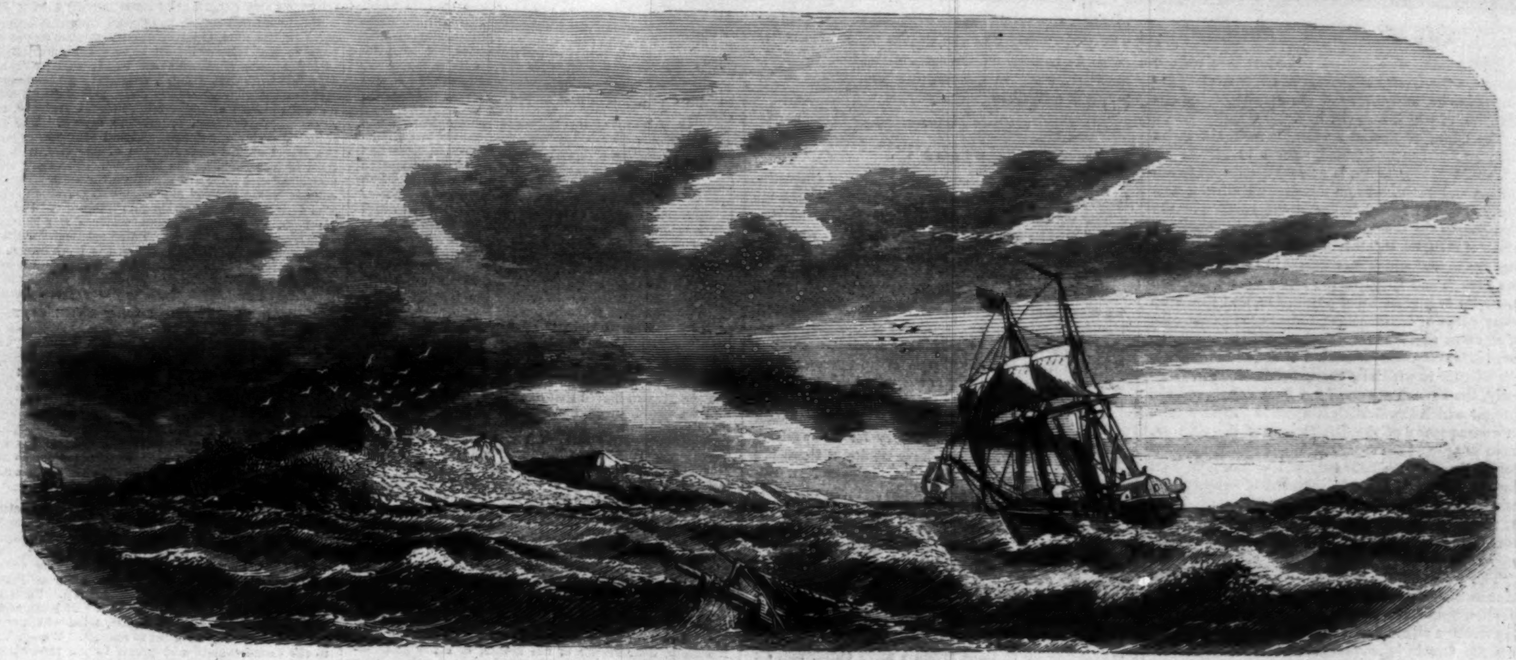
"If any of your readers experience the langnor of which I have complained I commend to them to follow willingly my enforced example, and see if they do not receive the same satisfaction."

—ESSIE BEANS, with "limited respect," writes from Alabama:

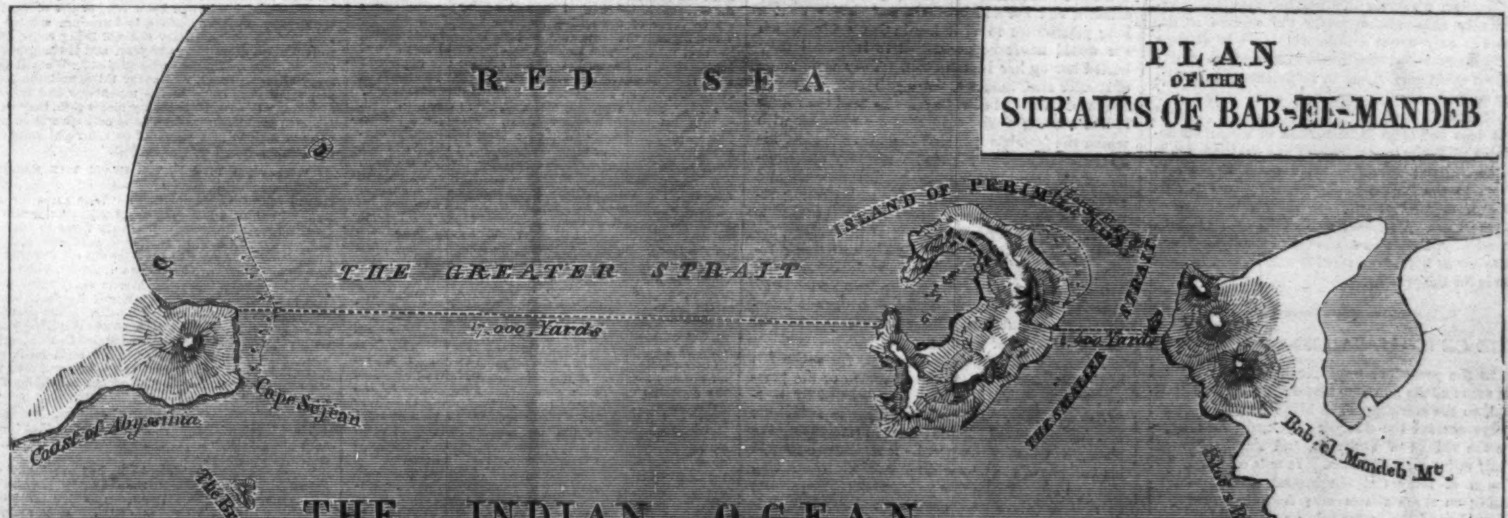
"I have been reading *Harper's Weekly* since the first issue, and, with but few exceptions, every number contains some article prejudicial to womankind."

The Lounger prints the entire charge, because its enormity confutes itself in the minds and memories of all other readers of the *Weekly*. What *can* Miss Beans mean? It is, probably, a sly sarcasm upon our uniform courtesy to the sex. But would she have us depart from the courtesy we feel?

COMING THROUGH THE RYE.



THE ISLAND OF PERIM, RED SEA.—(See next Page.)



ACCIDENT ON THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD, NEAR UTICA, ON 11TH MAY, 1858.—(See next Page.)

THE ISLAND OF PERIM.

THE reader will find on the preceding page a sketch of the Island of Perim, which has lately become famous, and a map of the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, of which it is the key.

The Island of Perim, a volcanic rock, six miles wide by nearly three broad, situate in 12° 38′ N. lat. and 41° 8′ E. long., is utterly destitute of vegetation and water. From the time when some volcanic eruption forced it above the surface of the Red Sea to the present time it has never been the home of man, beast, bird, or plant. Once, in 1799, during the war which was waged in Egypt between the French and English, the latter sent a garrison to Perim as a measure of precaution, and threw up some works of fortification; but as soon as the seat of war was removed from that part of the world the British Government was glad to abandon Perim to the solitude to which its character destined it. Latterly, the French scheme for a Suez canal, and the danger which the British Empire in the East runs in consequence of the disaffection of the natives, have suggested the reoccupation of Perim, and, accordingly, on 14th February, of last year, the East India Company sent a detachment of sappers and miners to construct fortifications thereon. They have been hard at work ever since, and by this time it is to be presumed that the island is in a fair way of defense.

The value of the post is best understood by a glance at the map. There are two channels into the Red Sea—one on either side of the island. But the western channel, which is over ten miles broad, has the double inconvenience of being filled with rocky islets, and of being unfathomable by ordinary anchor-chains. A vessel in that channel can not anchor, whatever the weather may be. Accordingly ship-masters prefer the eastern strait, which is only about a mile wide. It is evident that guns mounted here would command the strait; no fleet could pass them. An efficient modern battery on Perim would completely seal the mouth of the Red Sea.

It does not seem to be certain in whom the dominion of Perim rests. Some say that it belongs to the Sultan; others to the Imaum of Muscat; others to the Sultan of Barbera; others to that tribe of marauders who are such a nuisance in Northeastern Africa—the Somal, or Samanlis. Practically, Perim now belongs to the British, and there seems little doubt but it will remain in their hands for the present.

THE CENTRAL RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

ON the preceding page our artist has sketched the scene of the late accident on the Central Railroad, on the morning of the 11th inst. The broken bridge crossed the Sauquoit Creek, directly opposite the village of Yorkville, and about three and a half miles west of Utica. It was of wood, had a span of forty feet—engineers' measurement—resting on stone abutments; from the bridge to the surface of the water being a distance of eight feet, and the water beneath having a depth of four feet.

The Cincinnati express train, going East, at the not unusual rate of thirty-two miles per hour, and a way train, going West, at the rate of ten or twelve miles per hour—we quote the statements of the engineers before the Coroner—passed each other on the bridge. The engines, with their tenders, got off on each side, but as the baggage cars of the express, and the first freight car of the way train touched the bridge, the north side of the structure gave way. The express train, consisting of four passenger cars, was in an instant overwhelmed with destruction. The first car crossed the bridge but was completely wrecked; the second struck against the abutment in its front, and was upreared in such manner that the third shot under it, and the fourth under the third—thus dovetailing, so to speak, one into the other, and effectually destroying all. The great matter for wonder is, that a single passenger in these cars escaped with life. The freight cars of the way train also fell into the creek, one diagonally over the other; two others were drawn off the track and down the embankment at the side of the bridge, and the balance were thrown off the track. The only passenger car attached to this train was badly jarred, but, singularly enough, none of the passengers inside were injured.

The names of the killed are: A. Moore, of Rising Sun, Indiana; Daniel A. Brayton, of Phelps, Ontario County, New York; William H. Perkins, of Rochester; two young children of Abram Mack, of Cincinnati; an aged Irishman, name unknown, but supposed to be Fitzgerald; and a colored preacher, name uncertain. Among the wounded S. S. Horton, of Binghamton, had his throat cut from ear to ear, as completely as though it had been done with a knife. It is said he will recover. A Mrs. Broderick was completely scalped, her head being quite circled, as an Indian would do it with a knife. Several of the wounded had portions of the scalp torn off. Fifty-five persons in all were wounded more or less severely; several, it is feared, will not survive.

There are two theories of the accident: one, that a breaking of the axle of one of the now shattered cars threw the truck cross-wise, and the cars off the track—thus, of course, producing a shock which no bridge could resist; the other, that the weight of two trains was too much for the bridge. This, it is stated, was rebuilt about three years ago, and it is given in evidence that some of the principal timbers were rotten. These were of bastard elm—a species of wood very difficult to distinguish from common elm, but much inferior to that for bridging purposes. The engineers and conductors do not seem to be to blame, as they had no orders against two trains passing the bridge at once. Several residents of the neighborhood have deposed that they knew the bridge to be rotten—a knowledge which comes, unhappily, too late to be of use.

The verdict of the jury is to the effect that the accident occurred from the insecurity of the bridge. The jury "find that the deaths were caused by culpable neglect on the part of the Central Railroad Company in not causing the bridge to be properly examined."

LITERARY.

THE history of Wyoming has been so frequently written, in one or another form, that we take up a new volume of it with hesitation. But no one will fail to be gratified with Dr. Peck's WYOMING, now published by Harper & Brothers. We indeed opened the volume with the idea that it could not contain any fresh or interesting material, and we have laid it down after very nearly finishing the entire work. The romance of the history of that delightful Valley is inexhaustible. Should we not rather say the history of its romance? for here is nothing but truth, soberly told, yet most thrilling in its interest.

Dr. Peck deserves, and will receive, the thanks of all lovers of American history for his well-accomplished work, and we have no doubt there are many hundred families in America—in New England, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and the far West—who will find the book peculiarly valuable for its sketches of their own family history.

Giving first a general history of the Valley, the author proceeds with personal sketches of the early dwellers on the banks of the Susquehanna. It would be difficult to find in any veritable history a story so wild and so touching as that of Frances Slocum, which is here admirably related. She was stolen by Indians, when a mere child, and for sixty years her family mourned over her loss. Then she was found, an Indian Queen among the Miamis, and her old brothers and sisters went a long pilgrimage to visit her in her cabin, which she would never be persuaded to leave till they buried her by her Indian chief. They were made of stouter stuff than we, those gallant defenders of the most beautiful of valleys. To read their lives is like reading Tasso, only that the splendor with which the poet has invested the brave men of his imagination here surrounds the memory and overhangs the graves of white-headed farmers and stout country boys. The poetry of Wyoming remains to be written. Campbell's "Gertrude" is trash. The poet knew nothing of the Valley, nothing of its romance, or its reality surpassing romance. Such books as this—full of stirring tales, brilliant with the story of the bravest and best of men—such books will be read with devout interest; and hereafter the history of Forty Fort will be the material of a glorious epic.

ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE, from the fall of the first and great, to the accession of the present, Napoleon, Volume III., is published by Harper & Brothers. Its announcement is sufficient. Mr. Alison's indefatigable labors in condensing the history of our own times make it a pleasure to read his account of events within our recollection. The political history of a few years seems to be passing in review before us. Nothing escapes this diligent collector. The minutest incidents which have gone to form any, even the humblest, parts of public history are faithfully chronicled. In his descriptions of the revolutions, revolts, and insurrections in France it seems almost as if he had been an actor in them all—even as if he had fired every gun—so accurately does he relate their occurrences.

Many of the finest efforts of pulpit eloquence have resulted from the recent religious revival. The hearts of pastors have been warmed, and their lips have uttered God's truths with a greater force, more devotion, and more fervor than, perhaps, ever before. It was an excellent idea, therefore, to collect a volume of REVIVAL SERMONS, in the New York *Pulpit*, such as Sheldon & Blakeman have published. The book contains treasures. Here is one of Dr. M'Clintock's noble appeals to sinners to enter in at "the strait gate;" Dr. Williams's "War which knows no exempts, and gives no quarter;" Dr. Bethune, in his own winning style, telling of "Christ at the door;" and Dr. Alexander's grand description of "The Holy Flock." We heard the last sermon delivered to a crowded house, who listened as we have seldom seen people listen to a sermon; and after it was over the wish was generally expressed to print the sermon for preservation. Doubtless many others in this volume were received in the same manner.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

IN the Senate, on Monday, Mr. Seward presented a petition from the Mayors of New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City, relative to wharves along the water lots, with a view to the more perfect drainage of these cities. A resolution of the Wisconsin Legislature, favoring the project of a ship canal around Niagara Falls, was presented by Mr. Doolittle. The Senate voted to pay the funeral expenses of Mr. Evans out of the contingent fund. The bill to repeal the fishing bounties then came up and was discussed at length, Mr. Fessenden, of Maine, making an elaborate argument against it. A number of gentlemen spoke, and without coming to a vote the subject was postponed till the next day.——In the House a variety of business was dispatched. The bill directing the Secretary of the Treasury to pay out of the fund heretofore received from Great Britain under the treaty of Ghent various sums to citizens of Virginia, Maryland, and South Carolina for the loss of slaves carried away in the war of 1812 coming up, it was opposed by Mr. Bliss, of Ohio, in some remarks which elicited a reply from Mr. Garnett, of Virginia. The bill was referred to the Committee of the Whole.

On Tuesday the Congressional proceedings were of unusual interest, embracing the final vote on the Minnesota Bill in the House of Representatives, and a lively debate on Mr. Clingman's resolution to abrogate the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. The Senate passed a bill for the adjustment of land claims in the States of Florida, Louisiana, and Arkansas, and further debated the bill to repeal the fishery bounties, Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, speaking against it.——In the House, Mr. Burroughs, of New York, made a report in favor of granting lands in aid of constructing a ship canal around Niagara Falls. The House then took up the Minnesota Admission Bill, and, after some debate, passed it in the form in which it came from the Senate by a vote of 157 to 38. So Minnesota constitutes the thirty-second State of the Union. A highly interesting debate arose upon the resolution to abrogate the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. Mr. Sickles, of New York, speaking in behalf of the Executive, reproved the House for its disposition to meddle with this matter, which he said it did not understand, as calculated to embarrass a negotiation now in progress with the English Government.

On Wednesday, in the Senate, a communication was received from the War Department on the subject of purchasing a site for a fort at the Golden Gate, near San Francisco. It has a ranch, or farm, and the proposed price is $200,000. Mr. Broderick said it was not worth over $7000. The subject was referred to the Military Committee. The fishing bounties were further discussed, and incidentally an alteration of the tariff. The event of the day was the swearing in of the Senators from the new State of Minnesota. Mr. Toombs presented the credentials of the Hon. H. H. Rice, and Mr. Crittenden those of General James Shields. Mr. Rice was the delegate from Minnesota when a Territory, and General Shields was a Senator from Illinois a few years ago. Mr. Harlan, of Iowa, presented charges of corruption against Mr. Rice from parties in Iowa, and opposed his being admitted to a seat in the Senate. The charges related to transactions in the sale of Government lands. After Mr. Rice was sworn in, he asked for a Committee of investigation, and Mr. Harlan moved that one be appointed. Mr. Rice said he would resign his seat if any thing inculpating him should be brought to light.——In the House very little was done. Mr. Smith, of Virginia, introduced a bill for the new Territory of Nevada. Land claims in New Mexico occupied the House for a time, when an adjournment took place for want of a quorum.

On Thursday, in the Senate, the Appropriation Bill was taken up and read. It contains thirty-seven pages. The Senate, after a session of seven hours, adjourned without having effected any thing practical.——In the House, a motion by Mr. Phillips, of Pennsylvania, to admit two members from Minnesota, Messrs. Kavanaugh and Phelps, excited a warm discussion. Objection was made to their being sworn by Mr. Sherman, of Ohio. After considerable debate, a proposition by Mr. Millson, of Virginia, to refer the case to the Committee on Elections, was adopted. Mr. Kunkel, of Maryland, made a report accusing R. B. Hackney, door-keeper of the House, of many gross offenses, and recommending his dismissal from office. The subject was postponed till Monday. A report was made from the Committee on Elections by Mr. Harris respecting the Ohio contested seat. Four members of the Committee are in favor of the sitting member Campbell, four for Vallandigham the contestant, and one in favor of declaring the seat vacant. The report was ordered to be printed. Mr. Clarke, of Missouri, reported against the request of Utah to be admitted as a State. Territorial business was discussed, but no bill passed, and the House adjourned.

Friday, being a private bill day, there was little business of importance transacted. In the Senate, a resolution was unanimously adopted asking information concerning the search or seizure of American vessels in the Gulf of Mexico, or adjacent seas, by foreign cruisers. Mr. Rice, of Minnesota, offered a resolution, which was adopted, for a Committee to investigate the charges against him presented by Mr. Harlan. The Vice-President filled vacancies in several Committees. The private calendar was resumed, and several bills were passed.——In the House, Territorial business was considered, after which several private bills were passed, and others laid aside for future action. The House then found itself without a quorum.

On Saturday, in the Senate, a memorial from the California Legislature, calling for Government interference in the case of one Juan Ensey, who was seized in Arizona by a band of armed Mexicans, and who is now held in Sonora, was presented and referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. A joint resolution, having for effect the abolition of the so-called Stade dues levied by the government of Hanover on vessels navigating the River Elbe, was introduced. There appears to be a general movement among the maritime nations in favor of abolishing this restriction imposed upon commerce, and it must be successful. The remainder of the session was occupied with affairs of the District of Columbia.——In the House, Mr. Latham, who was arrested for non-appearance before the Willett's Point Investigation Committee, was brought to the bar; but his explanations regarding his absence proved satisfactory, and his discharge, after testifying before the Committee, was ordered. A bill to apportion the patronage of the Departments among the States, Territories, and the District of Columbia, was reported by the Select Committee having the subject in charge.

BRITISH CRUISERS AND AMERICAN SHIPS.

We are called upon again to protect our merchantmen from marauding cruisers which have revived the pretended right of search. Great Britain is the only nation which continues a practice as unworthy of her position and power as it is insulting to our national self-respect. Several vessels have recently been boarded and overhauled in Sagua la Grand, Cuba, by British naval officers. Of these the bark *W. H. Chandler* and brig *Martha Gilchrist* have arrived here, and their masters have made circumstantial reports of the cases.

The most flagrant case is that of the schooner *Mobile*, overhauled, only twenty-five miles from Key West, by her Britannic Majesty's war steamer *Styx*. Captain Howe, of the *Mobile*, was unable to understand the proceeding, and at first very naturally mistook the British steamer for a pirate. The hostile intentions of the aggressors were made known by a couple of rifle bullets, fired within hailing distance, and these were quickly followed by two others, which penetrated the rigging, but, fortunately, caused no further damage. A boat was then lowered from the steamer, and an officer, accompanied by six seamen, boarded the *Mobile*, and compelled Captain Howe to exhibit his papers. Even when he had discovered his error—for we charitably suppose that the English lieutenant mistook the *Mobile* for a slaver—he offered no apology for his conduct, but stated that he was acting under the orders of his Government. The fact that the British West India squadron has been largely augmented, confirms the supposition that the offending gun-boats have been putting in execution a preconcerted programme.

Congress has already noticed the matter, and our Government will, of course, demand explanation and reparation. In the mean time, the first measure will be to strengthen our fleet in the Gulf of Mexico, and instruct the officers in command to protect our merchantmen—be the consequences what they may—from the heavy hands of foreign men-of-war.

THE SOUTHERN COMMERCIAL CONVENTION.

This Convention met in Montgomery, Alabama, on the 10th inst. A. P. Calhoun, of South Carolina, was elected President. Five hundred delegates were present. The Convention has devoted itself almost exclusively to the discussion of L. W. Spratt's report in favor of reopening the Slave-trade. Messrs. Pryor and Preston, of Virginia, Messrs. Hilliard, Harper, and Hubbard, of Alabama, and Mr. Hunter, of Georgia, spoke against the report, and numerous gentlemen, including Mr. Yancy, of Alabama, and Mr. Spratt, the mover, spoke in its favor.

DIRECT FROM THE UTAH EXPEDITION.

Three men, direct from Camp Scott, arrived at Independence on the 8th inst. They report that the troops were in good health, but that provisions were scarce, with the exception of poor beef. General Johnston would not be able to move forward until a fresh supply of animals was received. The party met the Express Messenger from New Mexico at Green River, with the news that Captain Marcy would not be able to reach Camp Scott before June, in consequence of the great quantity of snow on the mountains. A man arrived at the Camp a few days before the party left, who reported that the Mormons were equipping companies to stop supplies and harass the troops. The party also met Colonel Hoffman, with two companies of cavalry and 150 wagons with supplies, 120 miles east of Laramie. On the 16th of April about 100 wagons were ready to leave Laramie as soon as Colonel Hoffman arrived. These trains would reach General Johnston early in May. The first ox-trains started this spring were met just beyond Big Blue, but, in consequence of the weather, were making slow progress. Some of the trains were waiting for better roads.

MOVEMENTS OF TRAINS AND TROOPS FOR UTAH.

Major-General Smith has issued elaborate orders relative to the movement of the trains and troops of the Utah forces. The trains are to be divided into divisions of 226 wagons each, and the troops will be organized into columns, each column constituting the escort of a division. A general supply train, and the first column, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Andrews, are already organized, and ordered to march. The second column, under Lieutenant-Colonel Munroe, composing the escort of the first division of supplies, will march from Leavenworth on the 15th inst. The third column, under Colonel May, will march on the 20th. The fourth column, under Colonel Morrison, will march on the 25th. The fifth column, under Colonel Sumner, will march on the 30th. The sixth column, under Major Emory, will march on the 4th of June. These columns for the present constitute the first brigade of the Utah forces, under command of General Harney. Each column will be supplied with four months' provisions, which are to be replenished when passing Forts Kearney and Laramie.

THE LATEST FROM SALT LAKE CITY.

By way of California we have received news from Utah to the 6th of March. The course of Brigham Young is fully indorsed by the Mormons, who have held meetings in different parts of the Territory to denounce the General Government, and to declare their determination to resist. The Deseret *News* of March 3 announces the arrival of Colonel Thomas L. Kane, who reached Salt Lake City on the 25th of February, from New York *via* California. The *News* says, "The Colonel was as little fatigued as could have been expected from so rapidly passing in the winter over so long and toilsome a route."

MORMON DESIGNS.

The *Alta California* publishes a private letter, received in San Francisco from a priest high in authority at Salt Lake, who says: "Our plans are all matured and laid. If they enter these valleys, which will be most difficult, we purpose *cacheing*, i. e., burying our grain, for we have abundance of it, and then we'll make a Moscow of every thing that will burn. Burn up the grass, and every mortal thing that will burn, and leave behind us nothing but desolation, upon which it will be impossible for our enemies to subsist. We shall retreat to the dense cañons and places in the mountains, surrounded by natural barriers which render the interior impervious to all ingress, and which are alone accessible through narrow and almost impassable defiles, that can be successfully guarded by a few, to the exclusion of thousands. It is impossible to introduce a large army into this Territory. They can not bring sufficient food to last them more than one year, and if the grass is destroyed, how will their cattle subsist? We will also destroy all the timber, and every thing suitable for fuel, and when they come to the mountains and cañons for something to cook their scanty meals with, they will find Mormon mountaineers there, and perhaps a thousand and one red men to pick them off on the right hand and on the left. Enough on this subject."

WHIPPING THE DEVIL FROM THE EARTH.

Brigham Young, in a characteristic discourse delivered on the 7th of February, said: "Who cares for all the horses in the world? The devil says that he has claim on them, and he means to devote them to his use. I will see that all the horses, mules, gold, silver, clothing, and people belonging to this Church are devoted to the kingdom of Christ, God being my helper, and I will out-general the devil and baffle him in every turn and head him in every nook and corner, and he shall be turned hither and thither as the Lord wills. *I am determined, in the name of Israel's God, to see the devil whipped from the earth*, and out-generaled and fooled in all his schemes, and whirled about by this Church until he is glad to leave the earth and go to his own place, and then we will see whether or no the Lord God has all things that belong to him."

PERSONAL.

The Cleveland *Plaindealer* is informed that the President contemplates making a tour of the West during the recess of Congress.

Mr. Oscanyan, a Turk by birth, but an adopted citizen of the United States of more than twenty-one years' standing, has been appointed dragoman at Constantinople.

Senator Douglas visited this city last week and appeared at the Exchange, when he was introduced by Mr. Richard Schell to several of our prominent merchants.

His Excellency, General Augustus C. Dodge, United States Minister for Spain, with his lady and two children, arrived at Gibraltar in the afternoon of the 18th of April, in the French steamer *Ville de Cadiz*, from Cadiz, and departed for Malaga in the same vessel on the following morning.

Sir Phillip Crampton, Surgeon-General of Ireland, and father of the late British Minister to Washington, was reported by last advices to be in a dying condition.

Duncan K. M'Rae, Esq., announces himself, at the earnest solicitation of many personal friends, an independent candidate for the Governorship of North Carolina. He has heretofore been a Democrat, but asserts his determination to be bound by no party ties.

Messrs. William Carey Jones and Richard T. Jacob, sons-in-law of Colonel Benton, have sent a card of thanks to the citizens of St. Louis, in acknowledgment of the honors paid to the remains of the deceased statesman on their arrival in St. Louis.

Señor de Briceno, Special Minister from Venezuela, having received his letter of recall, has taken leave of the President to return home the first opportunity. He is in Philadelphia, the guest of the Venezuelan Consul.

Among the new members of the American Association, elected at Baltimore, is the Austrian Consul-General, M. Loosey—a gentleman who has been instrumental in the introduction of many American inventions into Austria.

Governor Wise, on behalf of the Virginia Legislature, has presented a handsome sword to Lieutenant Robert B. Pegram, U.S.N., in compliment to his courageous conduct in repulsing attacks of pirates in the China Seas. Lieutenant P. is a native Virginian.

Lieutenant Maury has received the great gold medal of the Arts and Sciences, from the Archduke of Austria, bestowed by the Emperor in acknowledgment of his services to science.

It is reported in the London papers that an intimation has been sent to Sir Colin Campbell that a peerage is at his service, but he does not care to accept it. His desire is to be advanced to the highest grade in his profession—that of Field-Marshal—and this advancement he will shortly obtain. The pay and allowance of a Field-Marshal in India would be about £30,000 sterling a year.

Mr. Rarey, the American horse-tamer, in a letter to the London *Times*, denies that any one except his pupils knows his method of educating horses. He has authorized the Messrs. Tattersalls to pay any man a thousand guineas, if he will prove to them that he understands and can teach the Rarey system.

On Wednesday night last there was a large gathering, principally of Methodists, at Niblo's Saloon, to compliment the Rev. Robinson Scott with a dinner, previous to his return to Ireland with the $70,000 he has collected from our Northern States for the spread of Protestantism in his native land. Addresses were made by Dr. M'Clintock, "Kirwan," the Rev. H. W. Beecher, the Rev. Dr. Jenkins, and others. Mr. Scott's own farewell speech was warmly received.

Among the deaths recently reported in the English papers we find that of Admiral Carden, who commanded the *Macedonia* in 1812, when, after a stubborn resistance, which brought the ship to a hopeless wreck, she was compelled to surrender to the *United States*. Captain Carden, when he reached England, was tried by court-martial for the loss of his ship; but he was honorably acquitted, and his conduct was extolled "for his firm and most determined courage, coolness, and resolution in every instance throughout the action." The gallant defense he made of his ship was much praised in Parliament, and after his return the freedom of Gloucester, Worcester, and other cities was conferred on him. It is rather a singular circumstance, that Admiral Carden's father, Major Carden, of Templemore, died of wounds received in the first American war.

The Richmond *Dispatch* of the 5th says: "There was a 'marriage in high life,' in Warren County, N. C., yesterday—Mr. —— Green, son of General T. J. Green, late of Texas, to Miss —— Ellery, daughter of General G.'s lady by a former husband. The bride is an heiress, and

her wealth is computed at eighteen hundred thousand dollars. They went as far as Petersburg, on their way to Europe, where they will probably spend the balance of the year."

EXTENSIVE RAILROAD FRAUD.

Mr. Henry Dwight, broker of Wall Street, and late in the employ of the Chicago, Alton, and St. Louis Railroad Company, has been arrested in this city on the charge of defrauding the Company, and also on the further charges of perjury and embezzlement. There are six charges against Mr. Dwight, on each of which warrants have been issued. The case is very complicated, and will probably undergo a long examination before the whole extent of the fraud is discovered. At present it promises to be another Schuyler case.

AN OLD WIFE IN SEARCH OF A YOUNG HUSBAND.

About six months since an elderly lady of property, living in Brooklyn, New York, who bought her fashionable wares at a celebrated dry-goods house in Broadway, New York, became enamored of a handsome young man who attends there. After many visits she decided to invite the young man to her magnificent house in the city of churches. She told him she wanted to see him on matters of the gravest importance. He blushed, and more out of curiosity than admiration he consented to visit her. The young man was dazzled at the magnificence of the house to which he had been invited, and was entirely lost in conjecturing for what purpose he had been brought thither. The lady, after giving her guest some vinous refreshments, proceeded to narrate the fact of her long observation of his respectable conduct, adding that she had inquired of his employers and found him to be a highly moral and worthy young man—worthy of a better situation in society. She confessed that she had become enamored of him, not, of course, for his physical beauty, but for his moral worth, and finally wound up by offering him her hand in marriage. The lady was on the shady side of five-and-forty, while the lover was not twenty-two summers old. The latter was in love, too, with a handsome young lady in the millinery department of the same establishment where he was employed. He flatly refused, notwithstanding that she had some $30,000 which she could place in his hands. After several interviews, the widow gradually won the young man to her views, and finally he consented to and did marry her. After the marriage she refused to make over her real estate to her husband, and this displeased him. About a week ago the "Benedict" thought he would take a trip to the country to see a few friends. His wife consented, but in a few days, he not returning, she concluded her bird had flown. She started in pursuit of him, and learned that the young lady had accompanied him in his flight. The old lady followed him to Chicago, and there consulted with an experienced detective, who put her, after some inquiries, on the track of the guilty pair, who had gone further West. The wife says she is now prepared to give him full control of all her property, if he will but return alone to his home.

PLEASANT FOR PASSENGERS ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

We published, some time ago, an account of the explosion of the boiler of the steamer *Ocean Spray*, on the Mississippi, by which many lives were lost. The United States Commissioner at St. Louis has been engaged in investigating the case, and some curious evidence has been elicited. One Mississippi captain, on his cross-examination, said, "We never used turpentine as a common article of fuel; it was only when there was some boat that started at the same hour, and ran in opposition to us, that we used it; the opposition was so warm at one time that we carried passengers for ten cents apiece, and afterward for nothing; I occasionally used to knock the head of the barrel out, dip the stick into it, carry it to the furnace and throw it into the fire, when we had no dipper convenient."

MISSING A CHICKEN AND KILLING A WOMAN.

At the last term of the Oyer and Terminer, in Steuben County, Lewis Peterson, of Hornellsville, was tried upon an indictment for manslaughter, in causing the death of Mrs. Burdick, of the same place, in September last. The facts of the case were these. Peterson, who lived with his father in the house next to Mrs. Burdick's, went out in the morning to shoot a chicken which had escaped from the coop and into Mrs. Burdick's lot. Mrs. Burdick was in the garden digging potatoes for breakfast, and when Peterson fired, his piece "kicked," when the muzzle was raised so that the ball was carried as high as the third rail of the fence, and struck Mrs. Burdick, who died from the effects of the wound. Testimony was produced on the point whether Peterson could have seen Mrs. Burdick from the point where he fired, and also evidence of previous ill feelings between the parties. Judge Smith of Rochester charged the jury that there must be a conviction for manslaughter in the fourth degree, even if they were satisfied the prisoner intended no harm, for the reason that the act of shooting at the chicken on the land of Mrs. Burdick was an unlawful act, and therefore under the statute the killing could not be regarded as excusable homicide. The jury rendered a verdict of manslaughter in the fourth degree, and Peterson was sentenced to imprisonment in the county jail *thirty days*.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

A German woman, supposed to be dead, was laid out at Baltimore on Thursday night. About six o'clock the following morning her husband heard some one calling from the room where her body lay, and on opening the door she called and asked why her child, which was crying in another room, was not quieted. He was greatly alarmed, and called for the inmates to assist him in removing all traces of the preparations made after the supposed death. She talked to those around her, and drank some wine, a cup of tea, and a glass of water. She had a vague idea of what was going on while they were laying her out, but had not the power to move or speak, and after returning to consciousness asked her husband what they had been doing with her after she fell asleep. She seemed much better than she had been for some days, but about eight o'clock she died. There were many, however, who would not believe that she had really expired, and the superstitious were in a high state of excitement. The affection was doubtless a kind of catalepsy, but the comatose condition was strange indeed, especially as the body presented all the indications peculiar to death.

CURIOUS DIVORCE CASE.

A novel divorce case was last week tried before the Supreme Court sitting at Salem, Massachusetts, of which the *Observer* gives the following account: "William Little, libelant, *vs.* Sarah M. Little. This was a libel for a decree of nullity of a supposed marriage between the parties. The allegations of the libel were that the parties were married in October, 1853, and have resided together but a very short time since. That the wife became furiously insane within three months after the marriage, and was removed to the hospital. She returned to her husband in the fall of 1854, and remained but a few days; and since October, 1854, she has not lived with him. It was also alleged that she had been in the hospital previous to the marriage, and that, in fact, she was *insane* at the time of the ceremony. This allegation was denied by the respondent, and was the great question in the case. The case was tried before the jury, and was probably the first case of the kind ever tried by a jury in the Commonwealth. It was closely contested, and excited considerable interest. The verdict was for the libelant, viz.: that the libelee was insane when the ceremony of marriage was performed."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

TRANSFER OF THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA TO THE CROWN.

The House of Commons, on the 30th ult., were engaged in discussing the resolutions for altering the Government of India. A proposition to postpone the subject altogether for the present year was rejected by a large majority—447 to 57. The House then went into committee on the resolutions, and the first, which affirms the expediency of transferring the Government of India to the Crown, was carried without a division, amidst loud cheering. The chairman of the committee then reported progress, and the debate was adjourned to the 3d of May.

ADMISSION OF THE JEWS TO PARLIAMENT.

The House of Lords, in spite of the sentiment of the country and of the whole press of the United Kingdom, has again rejected the bill for the admission of the Jews to Parliament. It is believed that the Commons will now proceed in the matter by resolution, and, acting in defiance of the Lords, will admit the Jews at once. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, late British Embassador at Constantinople, had made a very significant speech on the subject, declaring that his hands would have been greatly strengthened in the East if he could have pointed triumphantly to England, and shown that from her statute book the last rag of intolerance had been torn.

A NEW MINISTRY.

There are already rumors of the construction of a new British Cabinet, in which the names of Lord J. Russell, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, and Mr. M. Gibson appear. The rumor, though it is said to be one that may be relied on, comes from opposition papers, and is only indorsed by them.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

The new machine for paying out the Atlantic telegraph has been completed, and experiments have demonstrated the perfect success of the enterprise. About the 20th of May final experiments will be made during a preliminary trip of the *Niagara* and *Agamemnon* to the deep waters of the Atlantic. On the 30th of April 1260 miles of cable were coiled on the *Agamemnon*, and 990 on the *Niagara*. The Directors have decided to order 100 miles more cable, so that there shall be on each ship a surplus of more than 500 miles, making altogether one thousand miles above the actual distance.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN KILLARNEY.

A correspondent writing from Killarney on the 29th ult., says: "Alighting from his vehicle, the Prince of Wales, who seems passionately fond of walking, proceeded on foot for a mile or two, with gun in hand, firing from time to time at bird, leaf, or fissure in the rocks, in the exuberance of those animal spirits which belong to his time of life, and which, in his person, seem to be the accompaniment of a healthy, though not a robust physique. While thus engaged, a very fine young man was seen passing with the firm step and erect bearing of a soldier, but minus an arm. The Prince, struck with the appearance of the soldier—for such he was—hailed him, and, preserving his incognito, entered into conversation with him. 'How did you lose your arm?' inquired his Royal Highness. 'Fighting for my Queen and country,' proudly replied the gallant fellow, still in ignorance that it was the eldest son of that Queen who was addressing him. 'Well, now,' said the Prince, much moved by the answer, 'if you had the use of your arm, would you fight for the Queen again?' 'Be Gor, I would in the morning,' enthusiastically exclaimed our soldier, 'as many a man of my name did before.' 'You're a fine fellow,' replied his Royal Highness. 'What is your name?' 'My name is O'Sullivan, Sir.' 'A little refreshment will do you no harm,' replied the boy prince, handing him some silver."

RESTORATION OF SHAKSPEARE'S HOUSE.

The "Birth-place" Committee are putting the munificent gift of £2500 from Mr. John Shakspeare to good use, by proceeding with the proposed renovation and isolation of the house in which the immortal poet was born. The committee have entered into contracts for the restoration of a certain portion of the house to the state in which it was supposed to be when Shakspeare drew his first breath in it; and so far is the matter advanced that a portion of the work may be said now to be satisfactorily completed.

LORD MACAULAY AS A BEAU.

A correspondent writes: "You will scarcely credit the announcement, but I assure you, solemnly, it is the fact, that the noble author of the 'History of England'—the Lord Macaulay—has become a perfect Beau Brummel of late! What change has come over the spirit of his dream I can not tell, but his appearance has undergone a wonderful alteration for the better. It may be that he meditates matrimony, or some other stupendous change in his social position; or perhaps he has resolved, though rather late in life, to embark upon what novelists call the 'sea of pleasure,' and plunge into the vortex of fashion. The noble lord used to wear a very seedy, snuff-colored frock coat, a large greasy hat at the back of his head, and a faded black neckcloth a world too high for his short neck. He also made it an invariable practice to carry, or rather trail along the ground, a huge brown cotton umbrella, of a very gampish appearance. The noble lord is now 'got up' regardless of expense. He sports a smart frock-coat of light olive color, a blue cassimere waistcoat, with a long gold chain peeping over the collar; shiny boots, and a fancy cane, in lieu of the old cotton umbrella! Macaulay in shiny boots is almost incredible, but to see him strutting along Parliament Street, swinging his Malacca right and left, and looking as jolly as a two-year-old in a clover field, is something to talk of for a month. If to those substantial and ornamental improvements be added the usual attraction of clean face and hands, you will be able to realize the appearance of the great historian on his way to the House of Lords."

FRANCE.

REVENUES AND EXPENDITURES OF THE EMPIRE.

The French Budget has been made public. The revenue of the empire is derived from direct taxes amounting to £18,344,499, and indirect taxes to £43,270,320, besides other sources, not necessary to specify, £5,941,160; giving a total of £67,555,979, as the ordinary income of the State. If to this total we add the £3,320,000 due to the Sinking Fund, the result will be £70,875,979, by taking in the portions previously neglected. But to this must be made a further addition of £53,334 for extraordinary receipts, and we shall then have the grand total of revenue at £70,929,313. The expenditures give a total of £69,453,357; to which must be added £1,214,833 for extraordinary works, making the total expenditure £70,668,190. It has been stated that the total income was estimated at £70,929,313—consequently there will be a presumed balance on the right side, or a surplus of £261,023.

ANNUAL INCREASE OF THE NATIONAL DEBT.

The increase of the national liabilities since the revolution of 1848 is represented by an increase in the amount of dividends paid equal to £5,520,000 yearly, of which £2,640,000 has arisen from debts contracted by the Revolutionary Government, and £2,880,000 by the Empire. The total amount of increased dividends has, however, been reduced by a sum of £720,000, through the conversion of the 5 per cents. into 4½. If we suppose the whole of this money to have been borrowed at 5 per cent., the successive governments of France will have received in the course of the last ten years £112,400,000 by way of loans over and above the annual revenue. It would consequently appear that France is adding to her National Debt at the average rate of £11,250,000 sterling every year.

THE CONFERENCE.

The Plenipotentiaries have had two meetings at the French Foreign office. The *Moniteur* thus officially describes their proceedings: "The Plenipotentiaries of Austria, France, Great Britain, Prussia, Russia, Sardinia, and Turkey, assembled in conference the day before yesterday at the Hotel of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, in order to take cognizance of the final treaty signed at Constantinople on the 5th of December last, and to ratify the result of the labors of the commission appointed by Art. 30, of the Treaty of Paris for settling the frontiers of Russia and Turkey in Asia. The conference formerly acknowledged the receipt of the communication from the plenipotentiaries of the two powers."

REMUNERATION TO PROFESSOR MORSE.

The representatives of Austria, Belgium, Holland, Piedmont, Russia, the Papal States, Sweden, Tuscany, and Turkey have had a conference at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, in Paris, to take into consideration an application which had been made to the French Government by Professor Morse, of the United States, for an indemnity to be awarded him for the use of his invention relative to the transmission of dispatches by electric telegraph. The application having been favorably received by the French Government, the different powers above mentioned, who have all adopted the invention, were applied to, and readily agreed in the view taken by the French Government. The meeting was held in order to consider the matter, and fix on the manner in which Dr. Morse should be remunerated for an invention which has rendered such important services. From the result of the first conference, there is every reason to expect that an understanding favorable to the application will be come to.

DISOWNING AN INDIAN MAIDEN FOR AN HEIRESS.

The Paris correspondence of the London *Globe* sends the following piece of gossip: "I gave you the particulars some days ago of an attempt on the part of M. Alphonso M. to disown his former marriage in the Pacific Ocean with a young maiden of Wallis Island, to wed an heiress at Havre. The Ariadne of the distant isle has been summoned to show cause before the Paris Tribunal, why she had not put up banns at the mayor's office at Havre ere she took the rash step of a solemn and sacramental union with this volatile Alphonso, who now reverses the sad and tragic ballad of Monk Lewis, and avenges the infidelity of 'the fair Imogene.' A letter has been published from Monsignor C., Bishop of Enos, 'Vicar Apostolic of Central Oceania,' alleging the notorious fact of the marriage, blessed by Abbé Meriais, missionary at Wallis Island, and the Christian character of the fair Indian, who can read and write, and ranks higher in the civilized scale than thousands of European women. Ten to one French bureaucracy will ignore the contract as civilly informal, though religiously obligatory. The case of the late Paris banker, Pescatore, who got married at Seville, *coram ecclesia*, was so decided two years ago."

SPAIN.

BOMBAST AGAINST THE UNITED STATES.

Some time ago the official *Gazette* of Madrid published a telegraphic dispatch from the Duke de Rivas, Spanish Embassador in Paris, to the effect that the President of the United States was about to send a Message to Congress for the purpose of declaring war against Spain. A question was asked on the subject in the Cortes, and from the answer of the Minister of War it appears that the only foundation for M. de Rivas's telegram was a letter from New York in a Paris paper. Nevertheless the news, such as it was, caused great excitement in the Spanish capital, and the *España*, notwithstanding the explanation which has taken place, indulges in the following piece of bombast against the United States: "It would be forming a very erroneous idea of the condition of the American people, and ascribing to it a strength which it is far from possessing, to admit the possibility of so gigantic a struggle as that the United States would undertake on the day they would discharge a shotted gun against an European vessel. The social organization of the United States makes them an asylum for adventurers—not the fatherland of citizens; they have not that strength which results from unity. It would be impossible for them to launch into a maritime or continental war (!). The United States are more of a phantom than a giant; they will make a great noise, but not come to blows. If a rupture were to take place we should see how many good admirals and sailors they can count upon; and we should be edified as to the number, the valor, and skill of their sailors and soldiers. It is perfectly easy to understand the wishes and the impatience of a few hundred filibusters, eager to rush upon Cuba, as a rich prey. But, apart from the fact that there is no reason to apprehend a landing on our coast, we are convinced that the United States government will think twice about it before involving itself in a war with Spain."

ITALY.

PASSAGE OF THE CONSPIRACY TO MURDER BILL IN THE TURIN LEGISLATURE.

The Conspiracy to Murder Bill has passed the Sardinian Chambers. The principal clause states that "Conspiracy against the lives of sovereigns and chiefs of foreign states is punished with imprisonment, which may be extended to ten years' hard labor when there have been preparatory acts; except in those cases in which the penal code fixes a heavier punishment, in consequence of there having been acts of execution constituting an attempt, the crime being then considered perpetrated."

INDIA.

CAPTURE OF JHANSI AND KOTAH.

Telegrams from Suez, bringing Bombay advices down to the 9th of April, have been received. The two brigades forming Sir H. Rose's force combined before Jhansi on the 27th of March. The rebels, about 12,000 strong, including 1500 Sepoys, retired to the fort, and an investment was made, and the siege commenced on March 28. On the 1st of April a very strong force, under Tantia Togee, a relation of the Nena, attempted to relieve Jhansi. Without abandoning the investment, Sir H. Rose attacked the relieving army, and gained a decided victory, taking 18 guns, several elephants, and all the camp equipages. On the 4th of April, after a struggle in which the British loss was severe, the town was stormed and taken; and, on the 6th April, the fort was occupied. The Ranee fled with a few attendants, but was hotly pursued by the cavalry. The enemy lost 3000 men in the battle of the 1st and in the assault of the fort.

News has also been received of the capture of the town and fortress of Kotah in Rajpootana. The rebels made a desperate attempt to take the palace of the Rajah of Kotah on March 25, by escalade, but were repulsed with great loss. On the 30th, General Roberts carried the position of the rebels by assault, and occupied the town of Kotah. The rebels fled, and a great slaughter occurred in the pursuit. All their guns, with the exception of two, have been taken.

MEETING BETWEEN THE BRITISH AND GHOORKA CHIEFS.

Correspondence, giving full particulars of Sir Colin Campbell's grand attack on Lucknow, has come to hand. The letters of Mr. Russell, special correspondent of the London *Times*, are by far the most graphic and spirited. The following extract from a letter dated "Camp of the Martinière, March 17," gives a picturesque description of a state meeting between Sir Colin Campbell and the famous Jung Bahadoor. Mr. Russell says: "A canopy was prepared in front of the Commander-in-Chief's mess tent. A guard of honor of Highlanders, their band and pipers, were drawn up near it, an escort of the 9th Lancers and a battery of field guns were in front and on the flanks, and all the ceremonials which could be devised under the circumstances were executed admirably well. Sir Colin, in full uniform, was punctual to the minute, and all his Staff not on duty were also present *en grande tenue*. The chief, it was plain enough, would rather have been close to the Begum's Palace. His eye and his ear were by turns directed toward that place, whence, as the time wore on, could be heard the increasing rattle of musketry. Still the Jung came not. Minute after minute passed by very slowly. It was plain that his Highness the Maharajah, if he knew of the Commander-in-Chief's arrangements, did not possess the 'politeness of princes.' It was five o'clock, and the musketry was rolling out in great volleys. Sir Colin was walking up and down, like a man who had waited quite long enough for his wife to get on her bonnet, and was about 'to stand it no longer,' when a great buzz amidst the soldiers announced the arrival of Jung Bahadoor, 'the Lord of Battle,' and the band of the Highlanders and the thunder of the guns gave him a welcome. Inside the canopy were Sir Archdale Wilson, Colonel Hogg, Colonel Young, Colonel Sterling, Sir Hope Grant, Major Bruce, Major Norman, Dr. Tice, etc. As the Maharajah approached the Commander-in-Chief and his aids-de-camp on duty stepped out to meet him.

SPLENDOR OF THE MAHARAJAH'S ATTIRE.

"Who in London does not remember the Maharajah's diamonds and jeweled head-dress? In the light of the setting sun they even looked more brilliant than under the Opera chandelier. Indeed, he was so very brilliant, that for a time one only looked at the casque and at the scarlet coat, crisp with jewels and gold, and not at the man who wore them. With white-kid-gloved hand raised to his glittering crest, above which nodded a plume of bird of Paradise feathers, delicately loaded with emeralds and diamonds, Jung Bahadoor advanced toward Sir Colin Campbell, took the outstretched hand of our chief, and presented his two brothers, who, almost equally gaudy in attire and rich in decoration, accompanied him. Colonel M'Gregor, in his full uniform and orders, was on the right of the Maharajah, and after him came a long following of Generals in rich dresses, most of them with faces of the Calmuck type, broad in the shoulders, short-necked, and thin-legged. They seated themselves on chairs, any thing but easy for them, on the right of Sir Colin, whose Staff sat on his left, and then there was a long interchange of courteous speeches, but Sir Colin's mind seemed intent on the Begum's Palace, and his ears fixed on the rapid roll of the musketry. Still the speeches and conversation went on, the Maharajah's quick eye glancing furtively from Staff to Highlander, and back again.

A COUP DE THEATRE.

"In the midst of all this courtly ceremony a tall figure, covered with dust, broke through the crowd of spectators at the end of the line of Highlanders, and strode up toward the chief, who rose from his seat and advanced to meet him. It was strange enough, amidst all this glitter of gold lace and fine clothes, to see this apparition in hodden gray tunic, turbaned cap, and trunk boots, with long sword clanking on the ground, and head and face and garments covered with dust, walking stiffly up the aisle of men. 'I am desired by the Chief of the Staff, Sir, to tell you that we have taken the Begum's Palace, with little loss, and are now in possession of it and the adjoining buildings.' And with a few pleased words from Sir Colin, the Deputy Adjutant-General to the Chief of the Staff, Hope Johnstone, marched out of the crowd again and vanished. Jung Bahadoor perhaps imagined it was a well-executed *coup de théâtre*; but it was a hard reality—as hard almost as the skirl of the bagpipes, which were played by six as fine Highlanders as ever trod on heather, who walked twice in front of us to a heart-stirring pibroch, and then played a few *morceaux*, to the great delight of the Bahadoor. His Excellency finally mounted, with his brothers, on two elephants with gorgeous howdah cloths, and returned to his camp. It is said that when Maun Singh came in to Jung Bahadoor, and made some explanations respecting his Laodicean conduct, the latter said, 'Oh, don't make excuses. Had I not visited London, it is likely enough I should have been on the other side myself.' The Maharajah not only stipulated for the salute of guns, but asked for his six Ghoorka regiments attached to Franks's Division, for some English cavalry, and heavy guns to be attached to his forces."

STORMING OF THE BEGUM'S PALACE.

In another portion of his letter, Mr. Russell writes: "As we crossed the narrow ramp of earth leading to the gateway we could not but feel astonishment at the small loss by which we had gained such a position. Along the front of this wall, in addition to the guns, there were loopholes for at least 2000 muskets, and it seemed scarcely possible to effect an entrance at the point where one portion of the 93d and of the Sikhs had rushed through, with bayonets at the charge, on the astounded foe. The gateway to which the ramp led was protected by loopholed turrets at the sides, and by a considerable fire from the walls of the place. The breach made by our guns was on our left of the gateway, but when our troops entered it was only to find themselves in front of a similar wall, directly under the fire of the enemy, who were concealed from them at half-pistol shot. The only way of getting at the enemy was by a hole, miscalled a breach, and so narrow and low that not more than one man could enter at a time, and then only by bending his head. But to avail themselves even of this mode of entrance our men had to struggle through the outer breach or to clamber up the steep bank of the ditch, where, impeded by their numbers in the narrow space, they made for the inner breach; they were held in check under the enemy's fire till some of them forced their way in through the bricked-up windows, which led them into small dark rooms filled with Sepoys. Held by such troops as those who assaulted the place, the Begum's Palace would have been impregnable to infantry. Entering with difficulty through the suffocating breach, rank with hot air, gunpowder, and dead bodies, I passed into the first of the court-yards in which the fight took place. It was filled with exulting Highlanders, still flushed with the heat of victory, and Sikhs burning gold and silver tissue and lace for the sake of the metals. General Lugard, seated in the midst of them, was busy giving orders to a group of officers, and first among those I came across was Leith Hay, leaning on the javelin of one of the Begum's state servants, and full of the incidents of the charge, in which he bore no small part; for he was, I believe, the second or third man who entered through the breach in the gateway. Brigadier Adrian Hope, an excellent and gallant officer, was also there, and he pointed out to me the narrow window through which he had leaped in upon the enemy. How a man could have escaped who entered in such a fashion is beyond my comprehension. But there were few slain outright, for the apparition of these brawny soldiers alone unnerved the hands of their enemies. Many fled at once, and were pursued and shot down in the court-yards without offering a resistance; others fired their muskets or matchlocks once, made a wild thrust with the bayonet, and ran also; others, surprised in holes and corners, fought with the ferocity of wild beasts. One officer of the 93d killed with his own hand eleven Sepoys, whom he shot with his revolver or sabred in the court-yard."

SIR COLIN'S PLAISANTERIE.

A correspondent of the Bengal *Hurkaru*, to disprove a rumor that the Commander-in-Chief is in a low and desponding state of mind, relates the following anecdotes of his excellency: "The other morning, on Sir Colin Campbell returning rather earlier than usual from his matutinal walk, he entered his tent, and to his surprise discovered the chief of the staff trying on a very handsome pair of slippers that had been worked for him (Sir Colin) by one of Scotland's bonnie lassies. His excellency did not exhibit the least annoyance, but merely observed, in his dry way, 'See ye think ye'll be stepping into my shoes, do ye; and are practicing a wee bit to see how they'll do, eh, Mansfield?' On the day Secunderabad was stormed Sir Colin, now foremost in the fight, and where the fire was hottest, came suddenly upon his favorite 93d, who were lying now under a long low wall, waiting for orders. The old veteran exclaimed aloud, at the top of his voice, 'Up Hielanders, and at 'em—Scotland expects that every man this day will do his duty!' When the Kaisarbagh was reported to have been taken, turning to General Mansfield, the gallant Scot cried out with honest pride, 'By ——, like Cæsar, I can now describe my victory in three words, *Nunc fortunatus sum*.' (The Chief of the Staff did not understand his excellency's joke.) 'Why, mon, dinna ye twig? *Nunc fortunatus sum*—I'm in Luck-now.'"

CHINA.

THE WESTERN POWERS IN COMMUNICATION WITH THE EMPEROR.

The intelligence from China is interesting and important. From the dispatches of the French Envoy, published in the Paris *Moniteur*, we learn that the four commissioners have succeeded in delivering their credentials to the provincial governor, Soutchou-Fou, who is in direct and easy relations with the Imperial Court at Pekin. The result is, that the real state of the case is brought under the notice of the Emperor. Mr. Oliphant and M. de Contades, who conveyed the notes of the four powers to Soutchou-Fou, although unguarded, experienced no incivility or violence. They passed along canals for two days, and at last reached the great city of Soutchou-Fou, which they describe as being about as large as London. The Governor's palace stands in the centre of the city, and to this spot they were conducted along streets crowded with spectators for a length of two miles. Much interest, and something of wonder, might be discerned on the faces of this mighty crowd, but there was perfect silence and orderly behavior. The Governor received the emissaries with salutes, placed them in seats of honor, and feasted them with Chinese delicacies. The next day he returned their visit. In due course they took their leave, and departed on their return to Shanghai, having been completely successful as to the object of their mission.

LIFE IN BOSTON.

Boston, Mass., }
May, 1858. }

[It has been suggested to me, dear Editor, that the mere addition to the above of the name of the hotel at which I am stopping would operate as a receipt in full of my bill; but out of consideration for you, I suppress it. It is a very fair hotel; but, as I pay for my board, I will take the liberty of saying that my chambermaid is dirty, and the ice-creams vapid.]

COMPARATIVE LENGTH OF BOSTON BLOCKS AND BOSTON TEAMS.

When we arrived here, some days since, the Captain, who commands our party in chief, called on our Uncle Uriah, and apprised him of our advent. Uriah is in the China trade. Years ago, Uncle Uriah presented mother with a real China shawl. When my youngest sister was born, we wanted to call her after our good uncle; father said that, as my second sister was called Wilhelmine after Uncle William, and my third Georgine after Uncle George, we ought to call this one after Uncle Uriah; but it was found impossible, and she was baptized Dorothy. Whether this annoyed Uncle or no I can not say; but he didn't even ask us to dinner. The Captain asked him what there was to see in Boston?

"To see?" said Uncle; "why, there's the Common, and Bunker Hill Monument, and State Street. Lord bless me, there ain't a city in the United States so well worth seeing as Boston!"

"No doubt," growled the Captain, who, being a Southerner, is not overwhelmed by affection for the Bostonians; "and pray, Sir, is there any thing else?"

"Any thing else? Why, what more would you have? Isn't there State Street? Where would you ask for any thing finer?"

"True, true."

"Then there's Bunker Hill Monument. A splendid work of art, Sir; nothing like it in Europe."

"Certainly not."

"And there's the Common. Take the Common as it stands, with the fountain, and the elm, and the historical associations—and I defy the world to produce its equal."

The Captain declares that as Uncle Uriah said this he rose from his desk, waved his handkerchief as though it had been the national flag, and looked as though he would challenge any body who differed from him.

"Well, now," said the Captain, "as to theatres?"

"The Boston Theatre, Sir, under the management of Monsieur Barry, a French *emigré* of the highest family, has no parallel in the world. And the Mooseum! Have you seen the Mooseum?"

The Captain confessed that having been but a few hours in the city, he had not yet had that satisfaction.

"Ah! I thought not. You'd better go," replied my Uncle, as much as to say that, whatever the Captain's experiences in life had been, there was a shock in preparation for him such as his wildest dreams had never anticipated.

"And public buildings?" urged the relentless Captain.

"Well, Sir, all I can say is, that the man who can gaze on the State House, and the Court House, not to speak of the Tremont and Revere, without feelings of the liveliest emotion, must be a creature of such organization—such organization, Sir, that Uriah Pot don't want to make his acquaintance." And Uncle Uriah bowed the Captain out of his office.

We thought we would follow the example of the prudent boy who lays aside the plums in his pudding and applies himself severely to the dough while the edge of his appetite lasts. We undertook Washington Street and the Common as our first day's work.

Washington Street is the Broadway of Boston. At the proper hour it is filled with showy people all the way from State Street to the Common. The hats are very bright, and the hoops, I think, are larger than those in use in New York. The Captain (he is a shocking creature, with the most promiscuous tastes) declares, in his coarse way, that "the Boston ankle is a better article than you find in New York." For the gaiters I can answer; they are faultless. We met three pretty girls between State Street and the Common; but Erastus declares that one was a New Yorker and another a freshly-imported English girl. Be this as it may, the ladies we met were generally lady-like, gentle-looking little things; they did not look you out of countenance as your Broadway belles do, and they walked as though the set of their hoops was not the only thing they were thinking of. With the men, I am bound to say, we did not fall in love. They looked very mild indeed. The Captain says that young Bostonians are not allowed a latch-key till they are twenty-five; what he means by this I don't know, but I'm sure, if it be any thing ill-natured, that it should not be relied on. The only really handsome and well-dressed man we met blushed dreadfully when Maria looked at him, and fell to sucking his cane by way of relief.

The Common is a wild expanse of ground—much larger and more airy than any place you have in New York. They say that once upon a time it was a famous place of meeting for lovers: now, I would as soon think of meeting my lover on a church-steeple as there. For children, however, it is a delightful place; and when I think of the agonies the poor little things endure, pent up in your wretched steaming city, during the hot months of summer, and of the dangers of your parks and squares, infested as they are by the worst class of people, I confess I envied the Bostonian mothers their advantages. Well, we saw the fountain, and we saw the elm—of the latter we had a front and a back view, which I hope you will appreciate as much as we did: we saw the people likewise.

Governor ——, whom we knew at Washington, made us acquainted with several great people. I noticed that the greater they were—some of them alluded to the President as a paltry official—the more exclusively local were their instincts. They seemed to consider New York and Philadelphia a kind of suburbs of Boston. This last was the centre of the earth.

"Have you met the poet ——?" inquired a very great man indeed.

"No," said I; "but I should much like to meet him."

He asked us very kindly to accompany him to a house that evening where the great poet had promised to call.

We gladly accepted the invitation. The poet was there, in the flesh. People hung round him breathless. He was a quiet, middle-aged gentleman, dressed inoffensively, with a thoughtful eye, and generally a placid expression. The conversation was general when we entered.

"Hush!" said my Boston friend, after a few moments' conversation, "he is going to speak."

"For my part," said the poet, and we fairly hung on his lips in the ardor of expectation, "I think boiled mutton with caper sauce a dish for a king."

A buzz of applause followed the sentence. "What a practical man for a poet!" "How tersely he expresses himself!" "What excellent taste he has!" "Boiled mutton forever!" And a dozen wealthy men pressed round the poet with offers of mutton and caper sauce.

"Have you ever written any thing on mutton, Mr. ——?" inquired a young lady who I am told is the reigning belle of Boston.

"What nonsense, Julia," interposed her mother.

"Why, mamma, hasn't Dr. Watts written lovely poetry about lamb, and as Mr. —— prefers mutton—"

"Miss ——," interrupted our entertainer, addressing himself loudly and sternly to me, so as to attract the general attention of the company, "have you noticed the clipper?"

I was obliged to confess—in my ignorance—that I didn't understand him.

"The clipper," said my Boston friend, with kind but firm emphasis; "the clipper: but perhaps, as you have been but a few hours in Boston, you have not had time to go down to the docks."

A dead silence had fallen on the company when I confessed my inability to comprehend my entertainer's question; from the looks of the company, I began to fancy that the clipper must be a sort of Boston Palladium. People breathed more freely when my friend volunteered the above excuse, which I gladly accepted.

"The clipper," said our host, with marked severity, "is 1438 tons burden, length 228 feet, breadth of beam 46; entirely built at Boston; sails to Australia and China; has beaten every ship out of New York, and is now going to run against an Aberdeen clipper for ten thousand dollars. You had best see her."

I said I would without delay. My docility pleased my entertainer, and the entire company began to regard me as a person not willfully malevolent, but accidentally ignorant and capable of instruction.

"Steam," observed the poet, and there was a catching of breaths when his really fine voice was heard, "is one of the greatest inventions of the present age."

Again the room was filled with a murmur of applause, and more than one person turned to me and asked me if we had any conversationalists in our part of the country who could compare with Mr. ——?

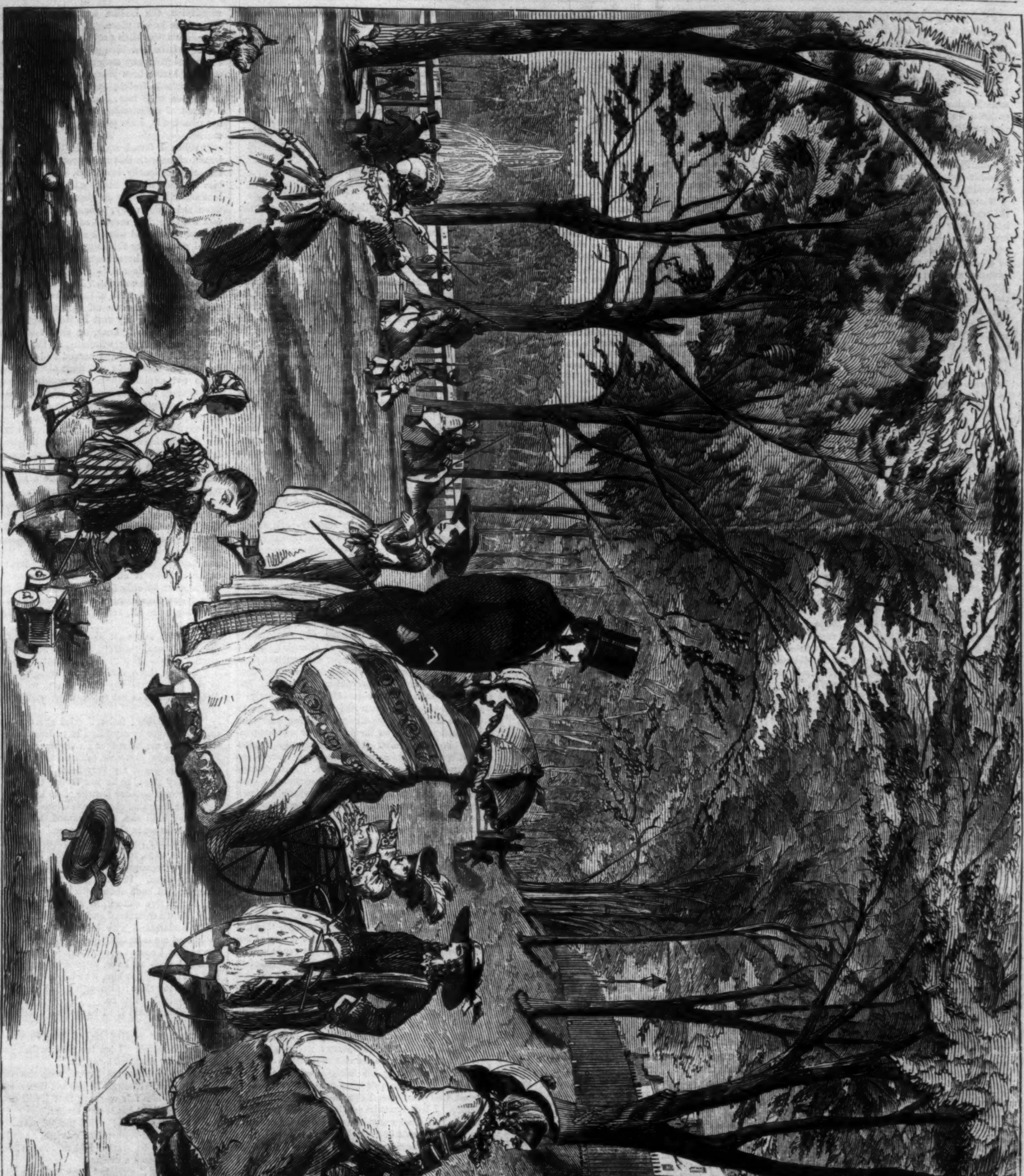
When we returned to the hotel I found Erastus in a bad temper. He was furious, he said, because "the liquor was so bad; New York poison was vile enough; but since the original enactment of the liquor law in Massachusetts, good liquor was not to be had at Boston at any price." His sister and I congratulated him on his misfortune, and recommended toast and water.

"Jane," said he, fiercely, "I have been collecting statistics on the subject. I find that during the period when the sale of liquor was contraband in Boston, the number of deaths traceable, more or less directly, to drunkenness was larger than it ever was before or since; and even now, since they have fallen into the habit of adulterating their liquors, the mortality must be tremendous. Why can not they do as they do in France, and have all liquids regularly tested? In New York," he added, "people expect to be poisoned if they drink in bar-rooms; but why should it be so here? I wish they would make me mayor for a short while?"

We have seen all that remained to be seen in this city. We visited Bunker Hill Monument, a very creditable affair; also the State House, a curious old place—which, by-the-way, had the British flag flying when we saw it. The Captain, whose father fought in '12, was furious at seeing

FRONT VIEW OF THE GREAT ELM.

REAR VIEW OF THE GREAT ELM.



THE BOSTON COMMON.

the hostile flag afloat in the centre of an American city; but it seems that the Bostonians always fly the Union-Jack when the Cunard steamer is coming up the Bay. They make the most of their advantages.

We have also seen the inside of several private houses. On the whole, I think the Bostonians are more hospitable than the New Yorkers, or any other Northern people. They give excellent dinners, and have good cooks; and, in a certain set, the ladies are all well-bred, and can talk on something else besides fashions and servants. Some of the old families preserve a dignified etiquette, which reminds one of the manners of the people of the Faubourg St. Germain.

Boston, moreover, is, in the Captain's opinion, the best governed city in the United States. They have a queer old-fashioned way, he says, of carrying out their laws and punishing criminals rigorously. It looks odd to people who have been used to other cities in the United States; but it has its advantages. You seldom hear of murders, or street frays, or even burglaries in Boston; the police do their duty, and the firemen do not set fire to buildings for the purpose of robbery. In Boston, the Captain assures me, such enormities as occur daily in New York would lead at once to the organization of a Vigilance Committee. If they would only get rid of their prejudice against the South, says the Captain, who never forgets his plantation, he would as soon strike hands with the Bostonians as with any people he has seen in the country.

JERROLDIANA.

"Wit," said Douglas Jerrold, "bears an extra value when rung down immediately it is wanted. Men pay severely who require credit." It is probable that he never had to "pay severely," for his brightest and keenest flashes were also the suddenest—to coin a superlative for the occasion.

Thus, at a social club to which Jerrold belonged, the subject turned one evening upon music. The discussion was animated, and a certain song was cited as an exquisite composition. "That song," exclaimed an enthusiastic member, "always carries me away when I hear it."

Jerrold (*looking eagerly round the table*). "Can any body whistle it?"

In No. 29 of the first volume of *Harper's Weekly*, we gave a portrait and biographical sketch of Douglas Jerrold. Here are gathered some of those sayings which in times past set the London dinner-tables on a roar, and made the name of Jerrold a terror to stupidity, and a synonym for Wit.

He had a genius for pithy definitions. What a lesson is in this paraphrase of our Lord's command, "*Be ye wise as serpents*, but harmless as doves:"

"Honesty without sharpness in this world is like a sword without edge or point—very well for show, but of no real use to the owner."

"Speaking your mind," he says, "is an extravagance that has ruined many a man."

"Reputation is to notoriety what real turtle is to mock."

"The bottle is the devil's crucible, and melts all."

"Character flies. Yes, it has wings; and, of course, the lighter it is, the quicker it goes."

"Intellect: a new-fangled thing, just come up, and the sooner it goes out the better."

Jerrold said, speaking of a young gentleman who had dared the danger of print before he could hold a razor—

"Nowadays men think they're frogs before they're tadpoles."

He said of New Zealanders:

"Very economical people; we only kill our enemies—they eat 'em. We hate our foes to the last; while there's no learning in the end how Zealanders are brought to relish 'em."

It must have been a lineal descendant of Dives into whose mouth he put this speech about a name:

"'I don't like the name of Lazarus' (said an anxious parent, discussing the usual topic preliminary to a christening), 'it's low, and doesn't sound genteel—not at all respectable.'"

Describing the sordid avarice of a certain Hebrew bill-discounter, he said:

"The only difference between Moses —— and Judas Iscariot is, that Moses would have sold our Saviour for more money."

Of outward signs:

"The names of houses are for the world outside. When folks read 'Rose Cottage' on the wall, they seldom think of the lots of thorns that are inside."

And of a choice of ruin:

"To be ruined your own way is some comfort. When so many people would ruin us, it is a triumph over the villainy of the world to be ruined after one's own pattern."

He did not spare the ladies; thinking that there was yet a little balance due in man's account with woman:

"Look here; you must allow that woman ought, as much as in her lies, to make this world quite a paradise, seeing that she lost us the original garden. We talk as philosophers, and when all is said and done about what we owe to woman, you must allow that we have a swinging balance against her. There's that little matter of the apple still to be settled for."

His theory of the Fall was, that "Eve ate the apple, that she might dress." He said, "In marriage, as in war, it is permitted to take every advantage of the enemy;" and as a pendant to the proverb "Every rose has its thorn," said, "You never find a woman without pins and needles." Of a celebrated actress, who, in her declining days, bought charms of carmine and pearl-powder, he said, "Egad! she should have a hoop about her, with a notice upon it, 'Beware of the paint.'"

Here follow some more of his ideas of women:

"Virtue's a beautiful thing in women, when they don't go about, like a child with a drum, making all sorts of noises with it. There are some women who think virtue was given them as claws were given to cats—to do nothing but scratch with."

"What women would do if they could not cry, nobody knows. They are treated badly enough as it is, but if they could not cry when they liked, how they would be put upon—what poor, defenseless creatures they would be!

"Nature has been very kind to them. Next to the rhinoceros, there is nothing in the world armed like a woman. And she knows it."

—Out of which follows this advice to married ladies:

"Cultivate your nerves. You can't pet them too much. Something will always be happening in the house, and, unless your husband be worse than a stone, every new fright will be as good as a new gown or a new trinket to you. There are some domestic wounds only to be healed by the jeweler."

"Never own a woman is right; do it once, and on the very conceit of it, she'll be always wrong for the rest of her life."

"When some women get talking, they club all their husbands' faults together; just as children club their cakes and apples, to make a common feast for the whole set."

"Is it not wonderful that, down to the present time, women have really never discovered their own tremendous strength? They have only to be of one accord, and in some hundred years at most, the human race would fade clean from the earth—fade like an old multiplication sum from a school-boy's slate. And this truth is either so profound, that, like a well sunk to the antipodes, woman is afraid to look into it—her little head would turn so giddy at the very brink—or, by some accident, it is one of the wells of truth (and she has many) that Rebecca has not yet discovered."

He says of an honest Benedict:

"He loved his wife in a plain, straightforward fashion; and as he was never lavishly tender to her before company, there is the greater reason to believe that he was neither savage nor silent to her when alone. For some married folks will keep their love like their jewelry, for the eyes of the world; thinking it too fine and too precious to wear every day at their fireside."

Of homely beauty:

"Patty would never have been beautiful; born in down, and fed upon the world's honey-dew, she would have passed for nothing handsome; but she had in her countenance that kind of plainness to my mind better than any beauty Heaven has yet fashioned. Her sweet, gentle, thin face trembled with sensibility that sent its riches to her eyes, glittering for a moment there beyond all worth of diamonds. From earliest childhood she was made to read the hardest words—want, poverty—in the iron book of daily life; and the early teaching had given to her face a look of years beyond her age. With her, daily misery had anticipated time."

—What a fine thought is this, on the mind of childhood!

"Is not the mind of childhood the tenderest, holiest thing this side heaven? Is it not to be approached with gentleness, with love—yes, with a heart-worship of the great God from whom, in almost angel-innocence, it has proceeded? A creature undefiled by the taint of the world—unvexed by its injustice—unwearied by its hollow pleasures. A being fresh from the source of light, with something of its universal lustre in it? If childhood be this, how holy the duty to see that, in its onward growth, it shall be no other! To stand as a watcher at the temple, lest any unclean thing should enter it."

And this, on a command reversed:

"'And God said, Let us make man in our image.'

"What a fine creature is man, so long as he always has these words before his eyes, and so tries to do nothing but what shall be some way worthy of his likeness! To do this is to make the world a pleasant place, and to have every body happy about us. 'And God said, Let us make man in our image!' This is beautiful: but it is sad—it is melancholy work, when man says, 'Let us make God in *our* image.'"

What a trenchant sarcasm it was, when he said of a fawning fellow, whom he calls a posture-master, "his principal feat was the snake trick; *whenever his other tricks failed, he began to creep—and success was certain.*"

Sadly true is this paragraph on the slippery path of life:

"How few there are who, starting in youth, animated by great motives, do not at thirty seem to have suffered a 'second fall!' What angel-purposes did they woo—and what hag-realities have they married! What Rachels have they thought to serve for—and what Leahs has the morning dawned upon!"

And what a world of quaint wisdom is in this little fancy:

"There are hearts all the better for keeping; they become mellower, and more worth a woman's acceptance than the crude, unripe things too frequently gathered—as children gather green fruit—to the discomfort of those who obtain them."

Speaking of an Anglo-French alliance, he said, "The best thing I know between France and England is—the sea;" of Australia, "The Earth is here so kind, that just tickle her with a hoe and she laughs with a harvest;" of the law, "It's a pretty bird, and has charming wings; 'twould be quite a bird of paradise if it didn't carry such a terrible bill;" of a careless house-maid, "That girl would break the Bank of England if she put her hand upon it;" of a scoundrel, "He'd sharpen a knife upon his father's tombstone to kill his mother."

Jerrold had a favorite dog that followed him every where. One day, in the country, a lady who was passing turned round, and said, audibly, "What an ugly little brute!" whereupon Jerrold, addressing the lady, replied, "Oh, madam! I wonder what he thinks about us at this moment!"

"Whatever dirty-shirted philosophers may say to the contrary, flattery is a fine social thing; the beautiful handmaid of life, casting flowers and odoriferous herbs in the paths of men, who, crushing out the sweets, curl up their noses as they snuff the odor, and walk half an inch higher to heaven by what they tread upon."

"Work for ready money. Take no bill upon posterity: in the first place, there are many chances against its being paid; and in the next, if it be duly honored, the cost may be laid out on some piece of bronze or marble of not the slightest value to the original."

A very popular medical gentleman called on Jerrold one day. When the visitor was about to leave, Jerrold, looking from his library window, espied his friend's carriage, attended by servants in flaming liveries.

Jerrold. "What, doctor, I see your livery is measles turned up with scarlet fever!"

Jerrold and Laman Blanchard were strolling together about London, discussing passionately a plan for joining Byron in Greece. Jerrold, telling the story many years after, said, "But a shower of rain came on, and washed all the Greece out of us."

A certain sharp attorney was said to be in bad circumstances. A friend of the unfortunate lawyer met Jerrold, and said, "Have you heard about poor R——? His business is going to the devil."

Jerrold. "That's all right; then he's sure to get it back again."

"Call that a kind man," said an actor, speaking of an absent acquaintance; "a man who is away from his family, and never sends them a farthing! Call that kindness!"

"Yes, unremitting kindness," Jerrold replied.

THE FOUR-FOLD DREAM.

If there be no city called Hippesford among the northwestern towns of England, let it be there, whither I went five years ago to see the Italian hung. The name under which he suffered was supposed to be a feigned one; the crime which he expiated was that of murder; the slaying of his master and his benefactor as he slept, for the taking of a sum of money which, in all probability, he might have had for the asking. One of those atrocities to give a reason for which baffles the student of human nature. The defense set up for Mavoranci was that of insanity: there being no doubt whatever as to his having committed the deed; but this plea was, in my opinion, very properly set aside. His advocate happened to be an intimate friend of mine; and it was through the interest—morbid and reprehensible I am well aware—with which he had inspired me in the unhappy criminal that I found myself among that crowd in front of Hippesford jail. I heard something going on near me, a little too jocose for the occasion.

"You cruel-hearted ruffian, if you dare to mock the poor wretch like that again," cried a deep, low voice, "I'll save Mr. Calcraft some trouble in your case."

The speaker was a fine, powerfully-built sailor, towering by half a head above the throng; and, under his flashing eyes and threatening brows, the fellow who had provoked his wrath subsided at once into mutterings, and presently into sullen silence. Having achieved this end, he made no further observation, but kept his looks intently fixed upon the ghastly preparations above us. He alone, amidst the hum and noise of the crowd, maintained an inviolable silence, and strained his eyes upon the scaffold above, as though he would have numbered every nail in it: the extreme anxiety of his face was remarkable even among those thousand eager and expectant countenances. Not caring to look upon the dreadful sight directly, I watched that face when the death-bell began to toll, as though it were a mirror, feeling sure that I should see reflected in it whatever was happening. It was burning and quivering with excitement when the wretched criminal was carried up by three or four persons into view. Immediately after he came in sight this fixed expression vanished as completely as though a curtain had been drawn over some picture; and, as the sailor cast his looks upon the ground, I heard him mutter, in a solemn whisper, his thanks to Heaven.

As the sailor and I were borne along together by the resistless human tide, I said to him, secure of sympathy, "This is a sad sight, my friend, is it not?"

"Yes, Sir," said he, "a terrible sight, indeed; but it might have been worse."

"How so?" said I.

"Well, it's a long story," he replied, "but if you like to listen to it, and to take a cup of tea with me (of which I feel the need) at my lodgings, I shall be pleased enough. It will be a relief to me, I feel, to tell it even to a stranger."

So we two went up into a little room overlooking the scene, and which had been let (as had been agreed upon when he took the apartment) throughout that morning to a party of five gentlemen (!) and a lady (!!), who had only just evacuated it. And there he told me this story:

"You must excuse me if I am a little slow, at first, for yon throng has fairly dazzled and dumfounded me. I am quite new to sights of this sort, thank God; nor have I ever seen so great a crowd before. I live upon the southeast coast, where the folks are not so many as in these parts, and my own employment is a particularly solitary one: I am a light-house man. I sometimes pass whole weeks without seeing any other face than that of my mate—without hearing any other voice save his, and that of the sea-gull, and of the baffled wave which beats forever against our rock. Even my holiday time is spent among people who pass almost as lonely lives as I do. My friends dwell at a coast-guard station, far away from any town, and indeed from me, only they can see every night our lantern burning steadily out to sea, which my mother and sister say is a great comfort to them when father is from home. It is lonesome, you see, for them to know that there is no human being save themselves within miles of them, the next post being a long distance beyond the headland, whither often, on the darkest nights, my father has to go feeling for the white chalk heaps that are laid down to mark the road between the stations, the direction of which in old times, they say, the smugglers used to alter, so that the poor revenue men were guided over the precipice into the arms of death below. Twelve years ago, a vessel was cast ashore, and went to pieces one wintry night at the cliff-foot, beneath our guard-house, and all the crew, save one, were thrown by the scornful sea upon the shore, dead men; save one—" The sailor gave an involuntary look toward the thing that hung upon the high jail-wall there, motionless, with its ghastly cowl drawn over it—"and that man was an Italian foreigner. My people took him in, and acted toward him as Christian people should do, and he was grateful, and staid with us, making himself as useful as he could, for weeks, for months. When he had been our guest for near upon a year, the man who was then my mate in the light-house died; and, mainly through my father's recommendation, the Italian was appointed to be my companion in his place. I was pleased that the poor fellow was thus provided for; but yet I had rather that he had been given any other post than that; not from any assignable cause, or of course this could have been prevented, but from a vague, uncomfortable feeling that I had always had in connection with him, such as I should not have dreamed of mentioning to his prejudice. I did not mention it, I am perfectly certain, even to my mother.

"When I found myself in the narrow light-house, alone with this man upon the waste of waters, this antipathy increased. I could not meet him on the winding stairs without a shudder; I loathed his company in that little sitting-room upon the lower story, which, when my old mate was with me, had seemed as comfortable a parlor as need to be; and when I was at work in the lantern I was forever thinking, what is he doing below there, and whereabouts shall I find him when I descend? I do not think that I was afraid of him then. Time was when I had not quailed from a death-struggle with a far more powerful man than he, and had come off victor; but still I did not fancy taking my rest in the snug little bed-chamber as of old, knowing that this man was awake, and watching, watching, all the night long.

"Still, beyond being reserved and taciturn, and having this something repellant about him which I can not explain, there was nothing evil to be said against the poor Italian foreigner, and I was ashamed of myself, whenever I reasoned about the matter, for feeling as I did.

"On the night of this day, twelve years ago, the sixteenth of August, eighteen hundred and forty-one, my father was off-duty at home, and while he lay in his bed, combating with a certain idea which shadowed his mind like a nightmare, my mother shook him in piteous terror.

"'Husband,' cried she. 'Husband, I have had a fearsome dream, and it seems so like to truth that I am miserable. Wake, wake! I do believe our George is being murdered by the Italian man!'

"'Great Heavens!' cried my father. 'Why I was awoke, just now, by that very dream, and can not shake it off my mind, do what I will. But it must be only fancy; consider how full the poor fellow has always shown himself to be of gratitude to us all, and what could he get by the murder of our George?'

"'George keeps all his savings in his room at the light-house,' returned my mother, sobbing. 'I can not help— Hark! did you hear that scream?'

"Two or three shrieks ran through the house as she spoke; and my sister Mary, with her hair disheveled, and in her night-dress, rushed into the room.

"'Oh, mother! father!' cried she. 'I can not stay any longer by myself; I have dreamed a dream that haunts me whenever I shut my eyes. When I left my room, just now, to come to you, I thought the Italian was at my very heels, who seemed before, in my sleep, to be murdering Georgey. He has murdered brother George, I do believe.'

"'You dreamed that?' exclaimed her parents.

"'Yes,' said she. 'I dreamed that he cut my brother's throat in the light-house.'

"My father rose in haste, dressed himself, and started at once, in the moonlight, for the fishing village over against the rock, which was my lonely dwelling-place. It was a good ten mile walk, and when he had been about two hours upon his way, and it was five o'clock, he met me coming homeward, with a distressed and unwonted look. Little did I understand why he wrung my hand, and welcomed me so heartily, without even asking how it was that I came to be upon the chalk-downlands, there, at such an hour, instead of at my post. I had a tale to tell to him, which I was, by that time, ashamed to relate; although I had started on the way expressly to do so.

"'Father,' said I, 'I have done a foolish, cruel, cowardly thing.'

"'George,' replied he, 'I forgive you before you tell it to me. I am too glad to find you alive and well for reproach; say on.'

"'I have quarreled, father, with the poor Italian foreigner, although he has not deserved it. I have given him fair warning that I will not be his mate in the light-house any longer.'

"'Thank Heaven!' cried the old man.

"'Nay,' said I, surprised enough, 'but it was a hard thing to do, since I had nothing whatever to justify it, except a dream.'

"'A dream!' exclaimed my father, with a look of terror. 'What, another dream? Did you dream he was going to murder you, lad?'

"'Yes, father. I dreamed that dream two hours ago; and even now, in the broad daylight, I feel that I could not venture to sleep another night upon the rock with that man only as my companion.'

"'Heaven forbid you should!' responded my father, solemnly.

"'I saw him,' continued I, 'as though with my eyes open, as I lay in my bed, with his hand kept back behind him, as though it were holding some weapon out of sight, and with Murder set upon his face, as plainly as though the word had been written there in blood. I was on my feet in a second, but yet not soon enough to prove that my dream was true. I thought I heard his agile step upon the iron stair. I thought I saw a shadow flit for an instant across the door of the lantern; but when I got up there he was trimming the lamps so naturally, and met all my angry suspicions with such astonishment and coolness, that I am, upon reflection, fairly staggered, and don't know what to think. So certain was I at the time, however, of the warning which my dream seemed to convey that I bade him seek some other employment elsewhere, for I would have him for my mate no longer. Then I signaled for a boat, and came on shore, intending to tell you all, and to consult upon what is best to be done in this strange business. But I am afraid you think me a fool.'

"Then my father, upon his part, told me of those dreams at home, and of the reason of his being upon the way whereon I had met him. It seemed to us

both that the neglect of four such wonderful coincidences—to say no more—would be far from right, but that at the same time we should not be justified in punishing upon such evidence one who might be, after all, as innocent of any evil as either of us. So I turned back to the village with my father, with the intention of putting off to the rock, and coming to some arrangement with the Italian that should not deprive him of his bread.

"A little after my departure, however, it appeared that he had himself signaled for a boat, and that, taking with him what little property he possessed, he had landed, and been seen to walk away northward, out of the town. None of us have ever set eyes upon this man from that eventful night. Whether he is innocent, or whether he is guilty, it is not in human power to tell. So certain, however, in my arrogance, did I feel of his evil mind, that when I read in the paper of their being about to hang an Italian foreigner at this place, for the murder of a man in his sleep, I came here at once to satisfy myself—in hope rather than in fear, I am ashamed to say, that this four-fold dream would be found to have had foundation. Pity for the soul of yon poor wretch, however, soon touched my heart, even before I saw him; and when I looked upon those awful lineaments, as he was lifted up on the scaffold, I thanked Heaven, from the bottom of my heart, that the man was a stranger, and that our dreams, wonderful as they were and are, still need unraveling."

Here the story of the sailor ended; and presently he strode away to the railway station of the line which was to take him home. I have never seen him since, or heard any other reference to this tale; but the circumstances under which I heard it, with all their terrible realities of Vice and Death, are not more firmly fixed upon my memory than are the occurrences which he related as above: neither do they bear more distinctly, in my own mind, the impression of truth.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

BOOK VII.—CHAPTER I.

Vignettes for the next Book of Beauty.

"I QUITE agree with you, Alban; Honoria Vipont is a very superior young lady."

"I knew you would think so!" cried the Colonel, with more warmth than usual to him.

"Many years since," resumed Darrell, with reflective air, "I read Miss Edgeworth's novels; and in conversing with Miss Honoria Vipont, methinks I confer with one of Miss Edgeworth's heroines—so rational, so prudent, so well-behaved—so free from silly romantic notions—so replete with solid information, moral philosophy, and natural history—so sure to regulate her watch and her heart to the precise moment, for the one to strike, and the other to throb—and to marry at last a respectable steady husband, whom she will win with dignity, and would lose with—decorum! A very superior girl, indeed."*

"Though your description of Miss Vipont is satirical," said Alban Morley, smiling, in spite of some irritation, "yet I will accept it as panegyric; for it conveys, unintentionally, a just idea of the qualities that make an intelligent companion and a safe wife. And those are the qualities we must look to, if we marry at our age. We are no longer boys," added the Colonel, sententiously.

DARRELL. "Alas, no! I wish we were. But the truth of your remark is indisputable. Ah, look! Is not that a face which might make an octogenarian forget that he is not a boy?—what regular features! and what a blush!"

The friends were riding in the park; and as Darrell spoke, he bowed to a young lady, who, with one or two others, passed rapidly by in a barouche. It was that very handsome young lady to whom Lionel had seen him listening so attentively in the great crowd, for which Carr Vipont's family party had been deserted.

"Yes; Lady Adela is one of the loveliest girls in London," said the Colonel, who had also lifted his hat as the barouche whirled by, "and amiable too: I have known her ever since she was born. Her father and I are great friends—an excellent man, but stingy. I had much difficulty in arranging the eldest girl's marriage with Lord Bolton, and am a trustee in the settlements. If you feel a preference for Lady Adela, though I don't think she would suit you so well as Miss Vipont, I will answer for her father's encouragement and her consent. 'Tis no drawback to you, though it is to most of her admirers, when I add, 'There's nothing with her!'"

"And nothing in her! which is worse," said Darrell. "Still, it is pleasant to gaze on a beautiful landscape, even though the soil be barren."

COLONEL MORLEY. "That depends upon whether you are merely the artistic spectator of the landscape, or the disappointed proprietor of the soil."

"Admirable!" said Darrell; "you have disposed of Lady Adela. So ho! so ho!" Darrell's horse (his old high-mettled horse, freshly sent to him from Fawley, and in spite of the five years that had added to its age, of spirit made friskier by long repose) here put down its ears—lashed out—and indulged in a bound which would have unseated many a London rider. A young Amazon, followed hard by some two or three young gentlemen and their grooms, shot by, swift and reckless as a hero at Balaklava. But with equal suddenness, as she caught sight of Darrell—whose hand and voice had already soothed the excited nerves of his steed—the Amazon wheeled round and gained his side. Throwing up her vail, she revealed a face so prettily arch—so perversely gay—with eye of radiant hazel, and fair locks half loosened from their formal braid—that it would have beguiled resentment from the most insensible—reconciled to danger the most timid. And yet there was really a grace of humility in the apologies she tendered for her discourtesy and thoughtlessness. As the girl reined her light palfrey by Darrell's side—turning from the young companions who had now joined her, their hackneys in a foam—and devoting to his ear all her lively overflow of happy spirits, not untempered by a certain deference, but still apparently free from dissimulation—Darrell's grand face lighted up—his mellow laugh, unrestrained, though low, echoed her sportive tones; her youth, her joyousness were irresistibly contagious. Alban Morley watched observant, while interchanging talk with her attendant comrades, young men of high *ton*, but who belonged to that *jeunesse dorée*, with which the surface of life patrician is frittered over—young men with few ideas, fewer duties—but with plenty of leisure—plenty of health—plenty of money in their pockets—plenty of debts to their tradesmen—daring at Melton—scheming at Tattersall's—pride to maiden aunts—plague to thrifty fathers—fickle lovers, but solid matches—in brief, fast livers, who get through their youth betimes, and who, for the most part, middle-aged before they are thirty—tamed by wedlock—sobered by the responsibilities that come with the cares of property and the dignities of rank—undergo abrupt metamorphosis into chairmen of quarter sessions—county members, or decorous peers—their ideas enriched as their duties grow—their opinions, once loose as willows to the wind, stiffening into the palisades of fenced propriety—valuable, busy men, changed as Henry V., when, coming into the cares of state, he said to the Chief Justice, "There is my hand;" and to Sir John Falstaff,

"I know thee not, old man;
Fall to thy prayers."

But, meanwhile, the *élite* of this *jeunesse dorée* glittered round Flora Vyvyan: not a regular beauty like Lady Adela—not a fine girl like Miss Vipont, but such a light, faultless figure—such a pretty, radiant face—more womanly for affecting to be manlike—Hebe aping Thalestris. Flora, too, was an heiress—an only child—spoilled, willful—not at all accomplished (my belief is that accomplishments are thought great bores by the *jeunesse dorée*)—no accomplishment except horsemanship, with a slight knack at billiards, and the capacity to take three whiffs from a Spanish *cigarette*. That last was adorable—four offers had been advanced to her hand on that merit alone. (N.B. Young ladies do themselves no good with the *jeunesse dorée*, which, in our time, is a lover that rather smokes than "sighs like furnace," by advertising their horror of cigars.) You would suppose that Flora Vyvyan must be coarse—vulgar perhaps; not at all; she was *piquante*—original; and did the oddest things with the air and look of the highest breeding. Fairies can not be vulgar, no matter what they do; they may take the strangest liberties—pinch the maids, turn the house topsy-turvy; but they are ever the darlings of grace and poetry. Flora Vyvyan was a fairy. Not peculiarly intellectual herself, she had a veneration for intellect; those fast young men were the last persons likely to fascinate that fast young lady. Women are so perverse; they always prefer the very people you would least suspect—the antitheses to themselves. Yet is it possible that Flora Vyvyan can have carried her crotchets to so extravagant a degree as to have designed the conquest of Guy Darrell—ten years older than her own father? She, too, an heiress—certainly not mercenary; she who had already refused better worldly matches than Darrell himself was—young men, handsome men, with coronets on the margin of their note-paper and the panels of their broughams? The idea seemed preposterous; nevertheless, Alban Morley, a shrewd observer, conceived that idea, and trembled for his friend.

At last the young lady and her satellites shot off, and the Colonel said, cautiously, "Miss Vyvyan is—alarming."

DARRELL. "Alarming! the epithet requires construing."

COLONEL MORLEY. "The sort of girl who might make a man of our years really and literally—an old fool!"

DARRELL. "Old fool such a man must be if girls of any sort are permitted to make him a greater fool than he was before. But I think that, with those pretty hands resting on one's arm-chair, or that sunny face shining into one's study windows, one might be a very happy old fool—and that is the most one can expect!"

COLONEL MORLEY (checking an anxious groan). "I am afraid, my poor friend, you are far gone already. No wonder Honoria Vipont fails to be appreciated. But Lady Selina has a maxim—the truth of which my experience attests—'the moment it comes to women, the most sensible men are the—'"

"Oldest fools!" put in Darrell. "If Mark Antony made such a goose of himself for that painted harridan Cleopatra, what would he have done for a blooming Juliet? Youth and high spirits! Alas! why are these to be unsuitable companions for us, as we reach that climax in time and sorrow—when to the one we are grown the most indulgent, and of the other have the most need? Alban, that girl, if her heart were really won—her wild nature wisely mastered—gently guided—would make a true, prudent, loving, admirable wife—"

"Heavens!" cried Alban Morley.

"To such a husband," pursued Darrell, unheeding the ejaculation, "as—Lionel Haughton. What say you?"

"Lionel—oh, I have no objection at all to that; but he's too young yet to think of marriage—a mere boy. Besides, if you yourself marry, Lionel could scarcely aspire to a girl of Miss Vyvyan's birth and fortune."

"Ho, not aspire! That boy, at least, shall not have to woo in vain from the want of fortune. The day I marry—if ever that day come—I settle on Lionel Haughton and his heirs five thousand a year; and if, with gentle blood, youth, good looks, and a heart of gold, that fortune does not allow him to aspire to any girl whose hand he covets, I can double it, and still be rich enough to buy a superior companion in Honoria Vipont—"

MORLEY. "Don't say buy—"

DARRELL. "Ay, and still be young enough to catch a butterfly in Lady Adela—still be bold enough to chain a panther in Flora Vyvyan. Let the world know—your world in each nook of its gaudy auction mart—that Lionel Haughton is no pauper cousin—no penniless fortune-hunter. I wish that world to be kind to him while he is yet young, and can enjoy it. Ah, Morley, Pleasure, like Punishment, hobbles after us, *pede claudo*. What would have delighted us yesterday does not catch us up till to-morrow, and yesterday's pleasure is not the morrow's. A pennyworth of sugar-plums would have made our eyes sparkle when we were scrawling pothooks at a preparatory school, but no one gave us sugar-plums then. Now, every day at dessert France heaps before us her daintiest sugar-plums in gilt *bonbonnieres*. Do you ever covet them? I never do. Let Lionel have his sugar-plums in time. And as we talk, there he comes. Lionel, how are you?"

"I resign you to Lionel's charge now," said the Colonel, glancing at his watch. "I have an engagement—troublesome. Two silly friends of mine have been quarreling—high words—in an age when duels are out of the question. I have promised to meet another man, and draw up the form for a mutual apology. High words are so stupid nowadays. No option but to swallow them up again if they were as high as steeples. Adieu for the present. We meet to-night at Lady Dulcett's concert?"

"Yes," said Darrell; "I promised Miss Vyvyan to be there, and keep her from disturbing the congregation. You, Lionel, will come with me."

LIONEL (embarrassed). "No; you must excuse me. I have long been engaged elsewhere."

"That's a pity," said the Colonel, gravely. "Lady Dulcett's concert is just one of the places where a young man should—be seen." Colonel Morley waved his hand with his usual languid elegance, and his hack cantered off with him, stately as a charger, easy as a rocking-horse.

"Unalterable man," said Darrell, as his eye followed the horseman's receding figure. "Through all the mutations on Time's dusty high road—stable as a milestone. Just what Alban Morley was as a school-boy he is now; and if mortal span were extended to the age of the patriarchs, just what Alban Morley is now, Alban Morley would be a thousand years hence. I don't mean externally, of course; wrinkles will come—cheeks will fade. But these are trifles; man's body is a garment, as Socrates said before me, and every seven years, according to the physiologists, man has a new suit, fibre and cuticle, from top to toe. The interior being that wears the clothes is the same in Alban Morley. Has he loved, hated, rejoiced, suffered? Where is the sign? Not one. At school, as in life, doing nothing, but decidedly somebody—respected by small boys, petted by big boys—an authority with all. Never getting honors—arm and arm with those who did; never in scrapes—advising those who were; imperturbable, immovable, calm above mortal cares as an Epicurean deity. What can wealth give that he has not got? In the houses of the richest he chooses his room. Talk of ambition, talk of power—he has their rewards without an effort. True prime minister of all the realm he cares for; Good Society has not a vote against him—he transacts its affairs, he knows its secrets—he wields its patronage. Ever requested to do a favor—no man great enough to do him one. Incorruptible, yet versed to a fraction in each man's price; impeccable, yet confident in each man's foibles; smooth as silk, hard as adamant; impossible to wound, vex, annoy him—but not insensible; thoroughly kind. Dear, dear Alban! Nature never polished a finer gentleman out of a solider block of man!" Darrell's voice quivered a little as he completed in earnest affection the sketch begun in playful irony, and then, with a sudden change of thought, he resumed lightly,

"But I wish you to do me a favor, Lionel. Aid me to repair a fault in good breeding, of which Alban Morley would never have been guilty. I have been several days in London, and not yet called on your mother. Will you accompany me now to her house and present me?"

"Thank you, thank you! you will make her so proud and happy; but may I ride on and prepare her for your visit?"

"Certainly; her address is—"

"Gloucester Place, No. —."

"I will meet you there in half an hour."

CHAPTER II.

"Let observation, with expansive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru,"

—and Observation will every where find, indispensable to the happiness of woman, A VISITING ACQUAINTANCE.

LIONEL knew that Mrs. Haughton would that day need more than usual forewarning of a visit from Mr. Darrell. For the evening of that day Mrs. Haughton proposed "to give a party." When Mrs. Haughton gave a party, it was a serious affair. A notable and bustling housewife, she attended herself to each preparatory detail. It was to assist at this party that Lionel had resigned Lady Dulcett's concert. The young man, reluctantly acquiescing in the arrangements by which Alban Morley had engaged him a lodging of his own, seldom or never let a day pass without gratifying his mother's proud heart by an hour or two spent in Gloucester Place, often to the forfeiture of a pleasant ride, or other tempting excursion, with gay comrades. Difficult in London life, and at the full of its season, to devote an hour or two to visits, apart from the track chalked out by one's very mode of existence—difficult to cut off an hour so as not to cut up a day. And Mrs. Haughton was exacting—nice in her choice as to the exact slice in the day. She took the prime of the joint. She liked her neighbors to see the handsome, elegant, young man dismount from his charger, or descend from his cabriolet, just at the witching hour when Gloucester Place was fullest. Did he go to a levee, he must be sure to come to her before he changed his dress, that she and Gloucester Place might admire him in uniform. Was he going to dine at some very great house, he must take her in his way (though no street could be more out of his way), that she might be enabled to say in the parties to which she herself repaired, "There is a great dinner at Lord So-and-so's to-day; my son called on me before he went there. If he had been disengaged, I should have asked permission to bring him here."

Not that Mrs. Haughton honestly designed, nor even wished, to draw the young man from the dazzling vortex of high life into her own little currents of dissipation. She was much too proud of Lionel to think that her friends were grand enough for him to honor *their* houses by his presence. She had in this, too, a lively recollection of her lost Captain's doctrinal views of the great world's creed. The Captain had flourished in the time when Impertinence, installed by Brummell, though her influence was waning, still schooled her oligarchs, and maintained the etiquette of her court; and even when his *mésalliance* and his debts had cast him out of his native sphere, he lost not all the original brightness of an exclusive. In moments of connubial confidence, when owning his past errors, and tracing to his sympathizing Jessie the causes of his decline, he would say, "Tis not a man's birth, nor his fortune, that gives him his place in society—it depends on his conduct, Jessie. He must not be seen bowing to snobs, nor should his enemies track him to the haunts of vulgarians. I date my fall in life to dining with a horrid man who lent me £100, and lived in Upper Baker Street. His wife took my arm from a place they called a drawing-room (the Captain as he spoke was on a fourth floor), to share some unknown food which they called a dinner (the Captain at that moment would have welcomed a rasher). The woman went about blabbing—the thing got wind—for the first time my character received a soil. What is a man without character? and character once sullied, Jessie, a man becomes reckless. Teach my boy to beware of the first false step—no association with *parvenus*. Don't cry, Jessie—I don't mean that he is to cut *you*—relations are quite different from other people—nothing so low as cutting relations. I continued, for instance, to visit Guy Darrell, though he lived at the back of Holborn, and I actually saw him once in brown beaver gloves. But he was a relation. I have even dined at his house, and met odd people there—people who lived also at the back of Holborn. But he did not ask me to go to *their* houses, and if he had, I must have cut him."

By reminiscences of this kind of talk Lionel was saved from any design of Mrs. Haughton's to attract his orbit into the circle within which she herself moved. He must come to the parties she gave—illumine or awe odd people *there*. That was a proper tribute to maternal pride. But had they asked him to their parties, she would have been the first to resent such a liberty.

Lionel found Mrs. Haughton in great bustle. A gardener's cart was before the street-door. Men were bringing in a grove of evergreens, intended to border the stair-case, and make its exiguous ascent still more difficult. The refreshments were already laid out in the dining-room. Mrs. Haughton, with scissors in hand, was cutting flowers to fill the *epergne*, but darting to and fro, like a dragon-fly, from the dining-room to the hall, from the flowers to the evergreens.

"Dear me, Lionel, is that you? Just tell me, you who go to all those grandees, whether the ratafia-cakes should be opposite to the sponge-cakes, or whether they would not go better—thus—at cross-corners?"

"My dear mother, I never observed—I don't know. But make haste—take off that apron—have these doors shut—come up stairs. Mr. Darrell will be here very shortly. I have ridden on to prepare you."

"Mr. Darrell—TO-DAY!—How could you let him come? Oh, Lionel, how thoughtless you are! You should have some respect for your mother—I *am* your mother, Sir."

"Yes, my own dear mother—don't scold—I could not help it. He is so engaged, so sought after; if I had put him off to-day he might never have come, and—"

"Never have come! Who is Mr. Darrell, to give himself such airs?—Only a lawyer, after all," said Mrs. Haughton, with majesty.

"Oh, mother, that speech is not like you. He is our benefactor—our—"

"Don't, don't say more—I was very wrong—quite wicked—only my temper, Lionel dear. Good Mr. Darrell! I shall be so happy to see him—see him, too, in this house that I owe to him—see him by your side! I think I shall fall down on my knees to him."

And her eyes began to stream.

Lionel kissed the tears away fondly. "That's my own mother now indeed—now I am proud

* Darrell speaks—not the author. Darrell is unjust to the more exquisite female characters of a Novelist, admirable for strength of sense, correctness of delineation, terseness of narrative, and lucidity of style—nor less admirable for the unexaggerated nobleness of sentiment by which some of her heroines are notably distinguished.

of you, mother; and how well you look!—I am proud of that too."

"Look well!—I am not fit to be seen, this figure—though perhaps an elderly quiet gentleman like good Mr. Darrell does not notice ladies much. John, John, make haste with those plants. Gracious me! you've got your coat off!—put it on—I expect a gentleman—I'm at home, in the front drawing-room—no—that's all set out—the back drawing-room, John. Send Susan to me. Lionel, do just look at the supper-table; and what is to be done with the flowers, and—"

The rest of Mrs. Haughton's voice, owing to the rapidity of her ascent, which affected the distinctness of her utterance, was lost in air. She vanished at culminating point—within her chamber.

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Haughton at home to Guy Darrell.

THANKS to Lionel's activity, the hall was disencumbered—the plants hastily stowed away—the parlor closed on the festive preparations—and the footman in his livery waiting at the door—when Mr. Darrell arrived. Lionel himself came out and welcomed his benefactor's footstep across the threshold of the home which the generous man had provided for the widow.

If Lionel had some secret misgivings as to the result of this interview, they were soon and most happily dispelled. For, at the sight of Guy Darrell leaning so affectionately on her son's arm, Mrs. Haughton mechanically gave herself up to the impulse of her own warm, grateful, true woman's heart. And her bound forward—her seizure of Darrell's hand—her first fervent blessing—her after words, simple but eloquent with feeling—made that heart so transparent, that Darrell looked it through with respectful eyes.

Mrs. Haughton was still a pretty woman, and with much of that delicacy of form and outline which constitutes the gentility of person. She had a sweet voice too, except when angry. Her defects of education, of temper, or of conventional polish, were not discernible in the overflow of natural emotion. Darrell had come resolved to be pleased, if possible. Pleased he was, much more than he had expected. He even inly accepted for the deceased Captain excuses which he had never before admitted to himself. The linen-draper's daughter was no coarse presuming dowdy, and in her candid rush of gratitude there was not that underbred servility which Darrell had thought perceptible in her epistolary compositions. There was elegance too, void both of gaudy ostentation and penurious thrift, in the furniture and arrangements of the room. The income he gave to her was not spent with slatternly waste or on tawdry gewgaws. To ladies in general, Darrell's manner was extremely attractive—not the less winning because of a certain gentle shyness which, implying respect for those he addressed, and a modest undervaluing of his own merit, conveyed compliment and soothed self-love. And to that lady in especial such gentle shyness was the happiest good-breeding.

In short, all went off without a hitch, till, as Darrell was taking leave, Mrs. Haughton was reminded by some evil genius of her evening party, and her very gratitude, longing for some opportunity to requite obligation, prompted her to invite the kind man to whom the facility of giving parties was justly due. She had never realized to herself, despite all that Lionel could say, the idea of Darrell's station in the world—a lawyer who had spent his youth at the back of Holborn, whom the stylish Captain had deemed it a condescension not to cut, might indeed become very rich; but he could never be the fashion. "Poor man," she thought, "he must be very lonely. He is not, like Lionel, a young dancing man. A quiet little party, with people of his own early rank and habits, would be more in his way than those grand places to which Lionel goes. I can but ask him—I ought to ask him. What would he say if I did not ask him? Black ingratitude indeed, if he were not asked!" All these ideas rushed through her mind in a breath, and as she clasped Darrell's extended hand in both her own, she said—"I have a little party to-night!" And paused—Darrell remaining mute, and Lionel not suspecting what was to ensue, she continued: "There may be some good music—young friends of mine—sing charmingly—Italian!"

Darrell bowed. Lionel began to shudder.

"And if I might presume to think it would amuse you, Mr. Darrell, oh, I should be so happy to see you!—so happy!"

"Would you?" said Darrell, briefly. "Then I should be a churl if I did not come. Lionel will escort me. Of course, you expect him too."

"Yes, indeed. Though *he* has so many fine places to go to—and it can't be exactly what he is used to—yet he is such a dear good boy that he gives up all to gratify his mother."

Lionel, in agonies, turned an unfilial back, and looked steadily out of the window; but Darrell, far too august to take offense where none was meant, only smiled at the implied reference to Lionel's superior demand in the fashionable world, and replied, without even a touch of his accustomed irony—"And to gratify his mother is a pleasure I thank you for inviting me to share with him."

More and more at her ease, and charmed with having obeyed her hospitable impulse, Mrs. Haughton, following Darrell to the landing-place, added—

"And if you like to play a quiet rubber—"

"I never touch cards. I abhor the very name of them, ma'am," interrupted Darrell, somewhat less gracious in his tones.

He mounted his horse; and Lionel, breaking from Mrs. Haughton, who was assuring him that Mr. Darrell was not at all what she expected, but really quite the gentleman—nay, a much grander gentleman than even Colonel Morley—regained his kinsman's side, looking abashed and discomfited. Darrell, with the kindness which his fine quick intellect enabled him so felicitously to apply, hastened to relieve the young guardsman's mind.

"I like your mother much—very much," said he, in his most melodious accents. "Good boy! I see now why you gave up Lady Dulcett. Go and take a canter by yourself, or with younger friends, and be sure that you call on me, so that we may be both at Mrs. Haughton's by ten o'clock. I can go later to the concert if I feel inclined."

He waved his hand, wheeled his horse, and trotted off toward the fair suburban lanes that still proffer to the denizens of London glimpses of rural fields, and shadows from quiet hedgerows. He wished to be alone; the sight of Mrs. Haughton had revived recollections of bygone days—memory linking memory in painful chain—gay talk with his younger school-fellow—that wild Charlie now in his grave—his own laborious youth, resolute aspirings, secret sorrows—and the strong man felt the want of that solitary self-commune, without which self-conquest is unattainable.

CHAPTER IV.

Mrs. Haughton at home miscellaneously. Little parties are useful in bringing people together. One never knows whom one may meet.

GREAT kingdoms grow out of small beginnings. Mrs. Haughton's social circle was described from a humble centre. On coming into possession of her easy income, and her house in Gloucester Place, she was naturally seized with the desire of an appropriate "visiting acquaintance." The accomplishment of that desire had been deferred a while by the excitement of Lionel's departure for Paris, and the IMMENSE TEMPTATION to which the attentions of the spurious Mr. Courtenay Smith had exposed her widowed solitude; but no sooner had she recovered from the shame and anger with which she had discarded that showy impostor, happily in time, than the desire became the more keen; because the good lady felt that, with a mind so active and restless as hers, a visiting acquaintance might be her best preservative from that sense of loneliness which disposes widows to lend the incautious ear to adventurous wooers. After her experience of her own weakness in listening to a sharper, and with a shudder at her escape, Mrs. Haughton made a firm resolve never to give her beloved son a father-in-law. No, she would distract her thoughts—she would have a VISITING ACQUAINTANCE. She commenced by singling out such families as at various times had been her genteelest lodgers—now lodging elsewhere. She informed them by polite notes of her accession of consequence and fortune, which she was sure they would be happy to hear; and these notes, left with the card of "Mrs. Houghton, Gloucester Place," necessarily produced respondent notes and correspondent cards. Gloucester Place then prepared itself for a party. The *ci-devant* lodgers urbanely attended the summons. In their turn they gave parties. Mrs. Haughton was invited. From each such party she bore back a new draught into her "social circle." Thus, long before the end of five years, Mrs. Haughton had attained her object. She had a "VISITING ACQUAINTANCE!" It is true that she was not particular; so that there was a new somebody at whose house a card could be left, or a morning call achieved—who could help to fill her rooms, or whose rooms she could contribute to fill in turn, she was contented. She was no tuft-hunter. She did not care for titles. She had no visions of a column in the *Morning Post*. She wanted, kind lady, only a vent for the exuberance of her social instincts; and being proud, she rather liked acquaintances who looked up to, instead of looking down on her. Thus Gloucester Place was invaded by tribes not congenial to its natural civilized atmosphere. Hengists and Horsas, from remote Anglo-Saxon districts, crossed the intervening channel, and insulted the British nationality of that salubrious district. To most of such immigrators Mrs. Haughton, of Gloucester Place, was a personage of the highest distinction. A few others of prouder status in the world, though they owned to themselves that there was a sad mixture at Mrs. Haughton's house, still, once seduced there, came again—being persons who, however independent in fortune, or gentle by blood, had but a small "visiting acquaintance" in town; fresh from economical colonization on the Continent, or from distant provinces in these three kingdoms. Mrs. Haughton's rooms were well lighted. There was music for some, whist for others, tea, ices, cakes, and a crowd for all.

At ten o'clock—the rooms already nearly filled, and Mrs. Haughton, as she stood at the door, anticipating with joy that happy hour when the stair-case would become inaccessible—the head attendant, sent with the ices from the neighboring confectioner, announced, in a loud voice, "Mr. Haughton—Mr. Darrell."

At that latter name a sensation thrilled the assembly—the name so much in every one's mouth at that period, nor least in the mouths of the great middle class, on whom—though the polite may call them "a sad mixture," cabinets depend—could not fail to be familiar to the ears of Mrs. Haughton's "visiting acquaintance." The interval between his announcement and his ascent from the hall to the drawing-room was busily filled up by murmured questions to the smiling hostess, "Darrell! what! *the* Darrell! Guy Darrell! greatest man of the day! A connection of yours? Bless me, you don't say so?" Mrs. Haughton began to feel nervous. Was Lionel right? Could the man who had only been a lawyer at the back of Holborn really be, now, such a very, very great man—greatest man of the day? Nonsense!

"Ma'am"—said one pale, puff-cheeked, flatnosed gentleman, in a very large white waistcoat, who was waiting by her side till a vacancy in one of the two whist-tables should occur—"Ma'am, I'm an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Darrell. You say he is a connection of yours? Present me to him."

Mrs. Haughton nodded flutteringly, for, as the gentleman closed his request, and tapped a large gold snuff-box, Darrell stood before her—Lionel close at his side, looking positively sheepish. The great man said a few civil words, and was gliding into the room to make way for the press behind him, when he of the white waistcoat, touching Mrs. Haughton's arm, and staring Darrell full in the face, said, very loud: "In these anxious times public men dispense with ceremony. I crave an introduction to Mr. Darrell." Thus pressed, poor Mrs. Haughton, without looking up, muttered out, "Mr. Adolphus Poole—Mr. Darrell," and turned to welcome fresh comers.

"Mr. Darrell," said Mr. Poole, bowing to the ground, "this *is* an honor."

Darrell gave the speaker one glance of his keen eye, and thought to himself—"If I were still at the bar, I should be sorry to hold a brief for that fellow." However, he returned the bow formally, and, bowing again at the close of a highly complimentary address with which Mr. Poole followed up his opening sentence, expressed himself "much flattered," and thought he had escaped; but wherever he went through the crowd, Mr. Poole contrived to follow him, and claim his notice by remarks on the affairs of the day—the weather—the funds—the crops. At length Darrell perceived, sitting aloof in a corner, an excellent man, whom indeed it surprised him to see in a London drawing-room, but who, many years ago, when Darrell was canvassing the enlightened constituency of Ouzelford, had been on a visit to the chairman of his committee—an influential trader—and having connections in the town—and, being a very high character, had done him good service in the canvass. Darrell rarely forgot a face, and never a service. At any time he would have been glad to see the worthy man once more, but at that time he was grateful indeed.

"Excuse me," he said, bluntly, to Mr. Poole; "but I see an old friend." He moved on, and thick as the crowd had become, it made way with respect, as to royalty, for the distinguished orator. The buzz of admiration as he passed—louder than in drawing-rooms more refined—would have had sweeter music than Grisi's most artful quaver to a vainer man—nay, once on a time to him. But—sugar-plums come too late! He gained the corner, and roused the solitary sitter.

"My dear Mr. Hartopp, do you not remember me—Guy Darrell?"

"Mr. Darrell!" cried the ex-mayor of Gatesboro' rising, "who could think that you would remember *me*?"

"What! not remember those ten stubborn voters, on whom, all and singly, I had lavished my powers of argument in vain? You came, and with the brief words, 'John—Ned—Dick—oblige me—vote for Darrell!' the men were convinced—the votes won. That's what I call eloquence"—(*sotto voce*—"Confound that fellow! still after me!"—Aside to Hartopp)—"Oh! may I ask who is that Mr.—what's his name—there—in the white waistcoat?"

"Poole," answered Hartopp. "Who is he, Sir? A speculative man. He is connected with a new Company—I am told it answers. Williams (that's my foreman—a very long head he has too) has taken shares in the Company, and wanted me to do the same, but 'tis not in my way. And Mr. Poole may be a very honest man, but he does not impress me with that idea. I have grown careless; I know I am liable to be taken in—I was so once—and therefore I avoid 'Companies' upon principle—especially when they promise thirty per cent., and work copper mines—Mr. Poole has a copper mine."

"And deals in brass—you may see it in his face! But you are not in town for good, Mr. Hartopp? If I remember right, you were settled at Gatesboro' when we last met."

"And so I am still—or rather in the neighborhood. I am gradually retiring from business, and grown more and more fond of farming. But I have a family, and we live in enlightened times, when children require a finer education than their parents had. Mrs. Hartopp thought my daughter Anna Maria was in need of some 'finishing lessons'—very fond of the harp is Anna Maria—and so we have taken a house in London for six weeks. That's Mrs. Hartopp yonder, with the bird on her head—bird of paradise, I believe—Williams says that birds of that kind never rest. That bird is an exception—it has rested on Mrs. Hartopp's head for hours together, every evening since we have been in town."

"Significant of your connubial felicity, Mr. Hartopp."

"May it be so of Anna Maria's. She is to be married when her education is finished—married, by-the-by, to a son of your old friend Jessop, of Ouzelford—and between you and me, Mr. Darrell, that is the reason why I consented to come to town. Do not suppose that I would have a daughter finished unless there was a husband at hand who undertook to be responsible for the results."

"You retain your wisdom, Mr. Hartopp; and I feel sure that not even your fair partner could have brought you up to London unless you had decided on the expediency of coming. Do you remember that I told you the day you so admirably settled a dispute in our committee-room, 'It was well you were not born a king, for you would have been an irresistible tyrant.'"

"Hush! hush!" whispered Hartopp in great alarm, "if Mrs. Hartopp should hear you! What an observer you are, Sir! I thought *I* was a judge of character—but I was once deceived. I dare say you never were."

"You mistake," answered Darrell, wincing, "*you* deceived! How?"

"Oh, a long story, Sir. It was an elderly man—the most agreeable, interesting companion—a vagabond nevertheless—and such a pretty bewitching little girl with him, his grandchild. I thought he might have been a wild harum-scarum chap in his day, but that he had a true sense of honor"—(Darrell, wholly uninterested in this narrative, suppressed a yawn, and wondered when it would end). "Only think, Sir, just as I was saying to myself, 'I know character—I never was taken in,' down comes a smart fellow—the man's own son—and tells me—or rather he suffers a lady who comes with him to tell me—that this charming old gentleman of high sense of honor was a returned convict—been transported for robbing his employer."

Pale, breathless, Darrell listened, not unheeding now. "What was the name of—of—"

"The convict? He called himself Chapman, but the son's name was Losely—Jasper."

"Ah!" faltered Darrell, recoiling, "and you spoke of a little girl?"

"Jasper Losely's daughter; he came after her with a magistrate's warrant. The old miscreant had carried her off, to teach her his own swindling ways, I suppose. Luckily she was then in my charge. I gave her back to her father, and the very respectable-looking lady he brought with him. Some relation, I presume?"

"What was her name, do you remember?"

"Crane."

"Crane! Crane!" muttered Darrell, as if trying in vain to tax his memory with that name. "So he said the child was his daughter—are you sure?"

"Oh, of course he said so, and the lady too. But can you be acquainted with them, Sir?"

"I? no! Strangers to me except by repute. Liars—infamous liars! But have the accomplices quarreled—I mean the son and father—that the father should be exposed and denounced by the son?"

"I conclude so. I never saw them again. But you believe the father really was, then, a felon, a convict—no excuse for him—no extenuating circumstances? There was something in that man, Mr. Darrell, that made one love him—positively love him; and when I had to tell him that I had given up the child he trusted to my charge, and saw his grief, I felt a criminal myself."

Darrell said nothing, but the character of his face was entirely altered—stern, hard, relentless—the face of an inexorable judge. Hartopp, lifting his eyes suddenly to that countenance, recoiled in awe.

"You think I was a criminal!" he said, piteously.

"I think we are both talking too much, Mr. Hartopp, of a gang of miserable swindlers, and I advise you to dismiss the whole remembrance of intercourse with any of them from your honest breast, and never to repeat to other ears the tale you have poured into mine. Men of honor should crush down the very thought that approaches them to knaves!"

Thus saying, Darrell moved off with abrupt rudeness, and passing quickly back through the crowd, scarcely noticed Mrs. Haughton by a retreating nod, nor heeded Lionel at all, but hurried down the stairs. He was impatiently searching for his cloak in the back parlor, when a voice behind said, "Let me assist you, Sir—do;" and turning round with petulant quickness, he beheld again Mr. Adolphus Poole. It requires an habitual intercourse with equals to give perfect and invariable control of temper to a man of irritable nerves and frank character; and though, where Darrell really liked, he had much sweet forbearance, and where he was indifferent, much stately courtesy, yet, when he was offended, he could be extremely uncivil. "Sir," he cried, almost stamping his foot, "your importunities annoy me; I request you to cease them."

"Oh! I ask your pardon," said Mr. Poole, with an angry growl. "I have no need to force myself on any man. But I beg you to believe that if I presumed to seek your acquaintance, it was to do you a service, Sir—yes, a private service, Sir." He lowered his voice into a whisper, and laid his finger on his nose—"There's one Jasper Losely, Sir—eh? Oh, Sir, I'm no mischief-maker. I respect family secrets. Perhaps I might be of use, perhaps not."

"Certainly not to me, Sir," said Darrell, flinging the cloak he had now found across his shoulders, and striding from the house. When he entered his carriage, the footman stood waiting for orders. Darrell was long in giving them. "Any where for half an hour—to St. Paul's, then home."

But on returning from this objectless plunge into the city, Darrell pulled the check-string—"To Belgrave Square—Lady Dulcett's."

The concert was half over; but Flora Vyvyan had still guarded, as she had promised, a seat beside herself for Darrell, by lending it for the present to one of her obedient vassals. Her face brightened as she saw Darrell enter and approach. The vassal surrendered the chair. Darrell appeared to be in the highest spirits; and I firmly believe that he was striving to the utmost in his power—what?—to make himself agreeable to Flora Vyvyan? No; to make Flora Vyvyan agreeable to himself. The man did not presume that a fair young lady could be in love with him; perhaps he believed *that*, at his years, to be impossible. But he asked what seemed much easier, and was much harder—he asked to be himself in love.

COD-FISHING ON THE NEWFOUNDLAND SHORES.

We give herewith two illustrations depicting a fishing-station on the coast of Newfoundland and a fish-house. That large fishing fleet which every year sails from our Eastern ports for the Newfoundland fishing-banks has nothing to do with these villages. Our Yankee fishermen dress their fish on their own decks, and pack them in the holds of their vessels, returning home when they have "a fair of fish;" that is to say, when they have exhausted the quantity of salt taken on board on leaving home.

The English and French settlers on the bleak shores of Newfoundland, however, follow their trade of cod-fishing in smaller craft, which start out to sea each morning, and return to the stations at night. A fishing-station is a collection of rude huts, put up for the temporary accommodation of the hardy fishermen and their wives. The location of the station is close by the water, in some sheltered nook, where the boat may be safe from the summer gales which keep their owners on land, and, moreover, near as may be to the many spots of water, or rather bottom, which experience has shown to be the favorite strong-holds of the desiderated cod. Hither migrates, in early summer, a jolly company of rough but kindly villagers; the men fitted for their arduous but pleasant labors, and eager for the sport—the women ready to do their share, in preparing meals, mending clothes, repairing fishing-tackle, and lastly, but most important of all, salting and drying, or "curing," the finny products of their husbands' skill. Latterly, the "saving" of cod-liver oil has become an additional and important labor intrusted to these dames and their children.

INTERIOR OF A FISH-HOUSE.

GROUP OF FISHERMEN'S HUTS, NEWFOUNDLAND

The boats start out to the fishing-grounds every fine morning before daylight. They "try for fish," which means heaving the boat to, and letting one or two lines to the bottom to see if there are cod there—until they "strike a school," when the anchor is let go, the sails are furled, and all hands let down their hooks. Each man is provided with two or three lines, the lines holding two hooks each. In "good fishing" the fish take hold as fast as the hooks appear at the bottom, and the fisherman at the other end of the line hauls away as fast as he can, letting one line run down while he is pulling in the other. At such times great powers of endurance and considerable skill in economizing strength are needed. To haul up from a depth of from thirty to ninety fathoms (from 180 to 540 feet) a five-pound lead, two thirty-pound cod, and the additional weight of line, is no child's play in the first instance. To continue the operation for hours without rest or cessation brings out a development of muscle and a breadth of chest which would delight a painter, and creates an appetite which would frighten a tavern-keeper.

When the boat is filled, or, in any event, two hours before sunset, the little fleet returns landward. Being moored, all hands busy themselves in gutting and washing the fish. They are thinly salted and laid in heaps or "fakes" for the night, and then come under the hands of the women exclusively. These resalt them on the morrow, and then stack them up in great piles in the fish-house. Here they are left for some days till the salt has thoroughly penetrated them, and the pickle has soaked through. They are then taken down, carefully washed in enormous tubs of brine, and wheeled out to long tables of brushwood, where women and children assiduously spread and turn them till they are completely dry. The operation of drying extends over several days, and on the care with which it is performed depends in great measure the eventual marketable value of the fish; a crisp, white codfish bringing a far higher price than a damp, clammy, ash-colored one. The fish which are spread out during the day are carefully taken into the fish-house every evening, and respread the next morning, until in course of days they are sufficiently crisp, when they are stacked up in a dry corner of the house, there to remain until the dealer comes around to make his purchases.

Thus, it will be seen, no slight care and labor are needed ere the codfish are ready for shipment. The fisherman deprecates rain during his season quite as earnestly as the farmer during his; and, slightly changing the old proverb, holds it good policy to "make *fish* while the sun shines."

The fishing-hamlets of Newfoundland are inhabited by a primitive, simple-minded, and cheery people, who know little of the vanities of the great world, and care less, being quite sufficient to themselves. When the season is over, there ensue great rejoicings and merry-makings; especially if there has been a profitable return for labor. And then, presently, comes on grim winter, locking the country up with bars of ice and storm; the simple winter's store of provision and fuel has been laid in, the house has been made secure against wind, rain, and cold, and the cheerful housewives sit before bright fires, knitting stockings, mittens, and Guernsey frocks of surprising thickness, while their lords lounge about the chimney-corner arranging "fish-crafts" and sharpening hooks for next season's operations, spinning tough yarns, meantime, of past gales and shipwrecks, or chanting some doleful ditty of the famous "October gale," when Newfoundland's shores were lined with wrecked boats, and so many widows were made by one storm.

Miscellany.

—At a social gathering of literary men, about fifty years ago, one of the company put a question, which puzzled for the moment all the rest. It was this: Supposing all the New Testaments in the world had been destroyed at the end of the third century, could their contents have been recovered from the writings of the first three centuries? This question of

Recovering a lost Book

was novel to all, and no one even hazarded a guess in answer. Lord Hailes, a Scotch Judge, who was present, resolved to devote his next vacation to its solution.

"On returning home, as I knew I had all the writers of those centuries, I began immediately to collect them, that I might set to work on the arduous task as soon as possible." Pointing to a table covered with papers, he said, "There have I been busy for these two months, searching for chapters, half chapters, and sentences of the New Testament, and have marked down what I have found, and where I have found it; so that any persons may examine and see for themselves. I have actually discovered the whole New Testament from those writings, except seven or eleven verses (I forget which), which satisfies me that I could discover them also. Now," said he, "here was a way in which God concealed or hid the treasure of his word, that Julian, the apostate emperor, and other enemies of Christ who wished to extirpate the Gospel from the world, never would have thought of; and though they had, they never could have effected their destruction."

The labor in effecting this feat must have been immense; for the Gospels and Epistles would not be divided into chapters and verses as they are now. Much must have been effected by the help of a concordance. And having been a judge for many years, a habit of minute investigation must have been formed in his mind.

—In 1774 came to Paris a handsome young fellow of twenty, to seek his fortune in the great capital. He had little money, no profession, and few friends; but he was tall, had fine eyes, and rich brown hair, and was a wonderful talker. Accordingly, by the time he was thirty he had made himself a place and a name in Parisian Society—the name being that of

Count de Rivarol.

Besides being a man of society, he translated Dante's Inferno ("I translated it," said he, "because I found my ancestors there"), wrote a prize essay on the superiority of the French language, and stood so high in the literary world that Voltaire called him "*the* Frenchman *par excellence*." Naturally enough he had become the "pet of the circles;" naturally enough also, he had led a loose, careless life. And with what result? With this: that at one-and-thirty he wrote, "As for my life, it is a drama so wearisome that I am tempted to think Mercier must be the author of it. Formerly, I could make up in one hour for eight days of folly; and *now*, it takes me eight long days of wisdom to make up for the folly of an hour." He was famous for his

Epigrams,

a few of which have come down to us. On the eve of the Revolution, he said to the old noblesse, "You mistake your memories for your rights." Very wisely he said, "The *philosophes* resemble those worms which pierce through the dikes of Holland—they prove that institutions are perishable, but they do not prove that they are not also necessary;" but he added, very falsely, "The people is a sovereign which only requires to eat. His majesty is tranquil while he digests." He was never quite owned by the noblesse, whom he defended; and they occasionally reminded him that *his* nobility was counterfeit. Lamenting one day, to the Duc de Créqui, the popular attacks, he said, "Alas, we have lost all our privileges!" The Duke slowly repeated, "*We* have?" "Well," replied Rivarol, "is there any thing singular in what I say?" "The singular thing about it, my dear fellow," said the Duke, "is your *plural*." Nevertheless, he continued to despise the people, who presently made him run away from France. Said he, "The people is always and every where the same: invariably it is a cannibal; and when it takes revenge upon its rulers, it punishes crimes which are sometimes doubtful by other crimes which are always certain." Again: "It is with liberty as with strong drink; the people can not taste it without becoming intoxicated." But he said, shrewdly, "In France the man who cries *Fire!* is persecuted; the incendiary is undisturbed." Then he hated Mirabeau, of whom he said: "Mirabeau is capable of any thing for money, capable even of a good action!" And again: "His brain is an immense sponge, swollen with ideas which are not his own. His reputation is due entirely to this, that he has invariably written upon matters of the day while the interest attached to them was still palpitating and fresh. His pamphlets are like fire-ships sent forth to destroy an enemy's fleet; they may indeed burn it, but they likewise destroy *themselves*. For the rest, he is simply a barbarian as to style: he is the Attila of eloquence; and if, in all his wordy volumes, there are any phrases neatly turned, they are by Chamfort, by Cerutti, or by myself."

Rivarol once kept a secretary, who by the evening had always forgotten what he wrote in the morning: "You would be a capital secretary to a conspiracy," said he. Of Buffon's son he said: "'Tis the poorest chapter in the *Histoire Naturelle* of his father." Of the Duc de Créqui: "He fears God without believing in Him." Of the Duke of Orleans: "He has every vice, but is incapable of a crime." To the tedious and twaddling Florian, whom he saw with a manuscript sticking out of his pocket: "Monsieur Florian, if you were not so universally known, you would certainly get robbed." To a friend, who asked him his opinion of a verse he had written: "It is good, but rather prolix!" Of a madrigal and an epigram, which were both rather poor: "There is too much of the madrigal in the epigram, and too much of the epigram in the madrigal." He died, worn out, at forty-six—brilliant to the last, but sorrowful and longing. In one of his last conversations, he said, "To me, as to the universe, a God is needful, to save me from the chaos and the anarchy of my soul. The idea of God can alone deliver our spirit from its prolonged torture, and our mind from its vast and weary solitude." On his death-bed, there were roses before his window, and his room was strewed with the young flowers of spring. But he sank daily. At last he said, "My friends, the mighty shadows are closing round me; the roses are changing into poppies. It is time to think of eternity." Time indeed!

—"To be liberal we must economize," pithily said Béranger. William Penn has another thought on

Economy.

Frugality is good, if liberality be joined with it. The first is leaving off superfluous expenses; the last is bestowing them to the benefit of others that need. The first without the last begins covetousness; the last without the first begins prodigality. Both together make an excellent temper. Happy the place where they are found.

—Some wretched bachelor has made it his business to ascertain

The cost of a Modern Belle.

I saw her dancing in the ball, he says. Around her snowy brow were set twenty-five hundred dollars; such would have been the answer of any jeweler to the question, "What are those diamonds?" With the gentle undulation of her bosom there rose and fell exactly one hundred and fifty-two dollars and fifty cents. The sum bore the guise of a brooch of gold and enamel. Her fairy form was invested in fifty dollars, represented by a slip of lilac satin; and this was overlaid by one hundred and fifty dollars more in two skirts of white lace. Tastefully down each side of the latter were six dollars and fifty cents, which so many bows of purple ribbon had come to. The lower margin of the one-hundred-and-fifty-dollar skirts were edged with fifty-five additional dollars, the value of some eight yards of silver fringe, a quarter of a yard in depth. Her taper waist, taking zone and clasp together, I calculated to be confined by one hundred and fifty dollars. Her delicately-rounded arms, the glove of spotless kid being added to the gold bracelet which encircled the little wrist, may be said to have been adorned with one hundred and eleven dollars and thirty-eight cents, and putting the silk and satin at the lowest figure, I should say she wore four dollars and eighteen and three-quarters cents on her feet. Thus altogether was this thing of light, this creature of loveliness, arrayed from top to toe, exclusively of little sundries, in three thousand two hundred and forty-two dollars and fifty-seven cents.

—In last week's *Miscellany* was a quaintly beautiful description of a milkmaid of the olden time, by Sir Thomas Overbury. Here is his idea of

A Courtier.

A courtier, to all men's thinking, is a man, and, to most men, the finest; all things else are defined by the understanding, but this by the senses; but his surest mark is that he is found only about princes. He putteth away much of his judgment about the situation of his clothes. He knows no man that is not generally known. His wit, like the marigold, openeth with the sun; and therefore he riseth not before ten of the clock. *He puts more confidence in his words* than *meaning*, and *more* in his *pronunciation* than his *words*. He follows nothing but inconstancy; admires nothing but beauty; honors nothing but fortune; loves nothing. He is not (*i. e.* ceases to exist) if he be out of court, but, fish-like, breathes destruction if out of his own element. Neither his motion nor aspect are regular; but he moves by the upper spheres, and is the reflection of higher substances.

If you find him not here, you shall in Paul's, with a tooth-pick in his hat, a cape-cloak, and a long stocking.

—If you remove the "tooth-pick in his hat," substitute a fashionable frock coat for the "cape-cloak," and peg top trowsers for the "long stocking," may you not pick out many a courtier in this our day, as well as some whom our author describes as

"Timeists?"

A Timeist is a noun adjective of the present tense; he hath no more of conscience than fear; and his religion is not his but his Prince's. When he gives, he curses; when he sells, he worships. . . . . In a word, he danceth to the tune of fortune, and studies for nothing but to—keep time.

—Talents, says Kirwan, in his *Happy Home*, are

No Protection against Temptation.

Were they so, Bacon would never have taken a bribe, nor would Dodd have committed forgery; Voltaire might have been another Luther; David Hume another Matthew Hale; and Satan himself might yet be in the canopy of heaven, an orb of the first magnitude. Indeed, high talent, unless early cultivated, as was that of Moses, and Milton, and Baxter, and Edwards, and Wesley, and Robert Hall, is the most restive under moral restraints; is the most fearless in exposing itself to temptation; is the most ready to lay itself on the lap of Delilah, trusting in the lock of its strength. And, alas! like Samson, how often is it found blind and grinding in the prison-house, when it might be wielding the highest political power, or civilizing and evangelizing the nations!

—Talents are God-given—and they are to be used in a God-fearing manner. Only in such way will their possessor be happy and useful. Unite to Talent or Genius, therefore,

A Firm Religious Belief.

I envy no quality of the mind or intellect in others, said Sir Humphry Davy, be it genius, power, wit, or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to any other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness, creates new hopes when all earthly hopes vanish, and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death, and from destruction and decay calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of torture and shame the ladder of ascent to paradise; and, far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blessed, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the skeptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation, and despair.

—What is a Bohemian, in the conventional sense of that word? many of the readers of this Miscellany have doubtless asked themselves—without getting a satisfactory answer—as indeed one but seldom obtains much information by "inquiring within." We do not propose to enlighten the existing ignorance on the subject any farther than may be effected by this specimen of

Parisian Bohemianism:

The Bohemians have a club at a certain *restaurant*, where their conversation drives the *garçon* into idiotcy in the flower of his youth. After some weeks the *maître* presents a formal remonstrance of several articles against their proceedings, and demands redress. They have forced him to take in a paper which nobody reads, by always hallooing, "Le Castor, le Castor!" There is only one backgammon board, and when any one wants it they cry, "The board is in use!" M. Marcel has brought his easel, and M. Schaumard his piano, into the *salon*, and placarded the window with "*Cours gratuit de Musique vocale et instrumentale, à l'usage des deux sexes.*" ("Free lessons in vocal and instrumental music, for both sexes.") They bring a machine and make their own coffee, on the rediculous pretext that they can not countenance an immoral connection between mocha and chicory, and thus they discredit the establishment. Not content with having destroyed the intellect of the *garçon*, they have corrupted the unhappy boy to the extent that he has addressed some passionate verses to the impeccable matron who presides at the *comptoir*; and for these and other reasons the Society is requested to transfer its revolutionary manners to another locality. Apologies and promises heal the breach; and on Christmas Eve, being accidentally without any money whatever, they propose to have a banquet that shall cost a hundred thousand francs, and have just entered on that speculation when they meet a young man of property, whose sole object in life is to become a citizen of Bohemia, and who begs humbly to be permitted to pay their bill.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

The humors of the Telegraph are very amusing. A year or so since the agent of the Delaware and Hudson Freighting Line at Honesdale, Pennsylvania, sent the following dispatch to the agent at New York:

D. Horton. Dear Sir,—"Please send me shipping-book for eighteen forty-nine."

The dispatch as received read as follows:

D. Horton. "Please send me a shipping *box eighteen feet by nine*."

This other might have been more disastrous in its results; the same parties were concerned. Mr. Horton wrote the proprietor of the line here that he had been subpenaed on a trial to be held in the Supreme Court of New York, and that as navigation was about to open it would be necessary to send a man to perform his office duties. The following reply was intrusted to the tender care of the telegraphic wires:

"See the Judge at once, and get excused; I can not send a man to fill your place."

The dispatch as received read as follows:

"See the Judge at once and get *executed*; I can send a man to fill your place."

Mr. H. claims on the margin of the dispatch—a stay of execution.

Notice was recently served upon Thomas Clark, of London, that the walls of a building owned by him had been condemned and would be pulled down. It was found that Mr. Clark had been in prison for *more than forty years* for contempt of Court! Dickens's Circumlocution office was no creature of the fancy.

Daniel Webster's father made a cradle for little Dan out of a pine log, with an axe and augur, and Lewis Cass was rocked by his staid mother in a second-hand sugar trough.

It is rumored that Mr. Rarey, the American horse-tamer, uses a file of Congressional speeches to subdue the refractory animals put under his charge. After reading about a quarter of an hour the quadruped gives in, promises an entire amendment of morals and manners if he will only stop.

There is a power to make each hour
As sweet as Heaven designed it;
Nor need we roam to bring it home,
Though few there be to find it!
We seek too high for things close by,
And lose what nature found us;
For life hath here no charm so dear
As home and friends around us.

Colonel D—— of the British army, well known for his gigantic size and burly deportment, being once importuned by a diminutive tailor for payment of a bill, petulantly exclaimed—

"If you were not such a little reptile, I would kick you down stairs."

"Little reptile!" remonstrated the dun; "and what if I am? Recollect, Colonel, we can't all be great brutes!"

"Well, Doctor," said a chap suffering with the tooth-ache, "how much do you ax for the job? Guy! but you did it quick, though!" "My terms," replied the dentist, "are one dollar." "A dollar for half a minit's work! One dollar—thunder! Why, a doctor down t'our place drawed a tooth for me, two year ago, and it took him two hours. He dragged me all around the room, and lost his grip half a dozen times. I never seed such hard work—and he only charged me twenty-five cents. A dollar for a minit's work! you must be jokin.'"

If you wish to increase the size and prominence of your eyes, just keep account of the money you spend foolishly, and add it up at the end of the year.

He who thinks his place below him, will certainly be below his place.

A novelty was lately introduced at a fashionable shop, not, however, by the shop-keeper, but by his customer. A lady, with great exquisiteness of manner, asked for dress silks—"not a gray, nor a lead color, but a *subdued mouse!*" The smart young man behind the counter expressed his regret that "*that* shade of color had not yet been introduced in the French studios; but he informed the lady that he could show her the next best thing, which was *enraged rat!*"

A Southern Methodist minister, detailing his experience on a "certain" circuit, counted *twenty-six* children that were named after him, and added that during the year he received as compensation for his labor *thirteen* dollars.

A correspondent in Vermont asserts that some time ago, a man died in the northern part of the State, after eating too many par-boiled beans. He was buried, and not long afterward his grave was covered with a crop of growing beans. The superstitious thought they had sprung from the dead man; but the boys laughed, and probably knew who planted them.

A physician of some note, in Chicago, called at one of the leading drug stores in the city for a scab of *vaccine virus*. The apothecary sold him the desired article encased, as usual, in a thick coating of white wax to guard it from the injurious effects of the air, and wrapped in tin foil as a still further protection, the whole forming a lump the size of a walnut. In about ten days the M.D. re-entered the emporium of emetics and purges. "It isn't worth a straw!" says the doctor, pettishly tossing upon the prescription-counter the virus which he had recently purchased. "But," urged the druggist, "there must be some mistake; it has been tried repeatedly, and with invariable success." "I have used it in a dozen cases, and not one of them has 'taken;' there is your stuff, Sir, call it what you please—*I* call it a *humbug* and a *swindle*, Sir!" quoth the doctor, waxing wroth. The scab was examined. Part of the foil had been removed and some small encroachment made upon the wax, but the virus itself remained imbedded in its tenacious sheath entire. The truth flashed upon the pill-maker, and an unwonted smile radiated in wrinkles over every feature. The learned professor *had inoculated a dozen patients with white wax!*

An old lady of my acquaintance has four daughters with the following names: Clementina, Wilhelmina, Martina, and Mazin Ann. I remarked to her, on hearing them, that the last was a very singular name, and asked her how she came to think of it. "Why, you see," she said, "I got tired o' fancy names, and concluded to give her a good Scripter one." "Ah!" I said, thoughtfully, vainly taxing memory to recall the portion of Holy Writ in which it appeared, "I can not remember ever seeing it there." "Well," she replied, convincingly, "you don't read your Bible then. Didn't you never hear of ''Mazin' Grace, how sweet the sound?'" Of course I remembered it, and acknowledged my unheard-of forgetfulness.

A practical joke was once attempted to be played on Mr. Erskine, as he went one day to Westminster Hall, with his ample bag crammed full of briefs. Some waggish barristers hired a Jew's boy to go and ask him if he had "any old clo' to sell?" "No, you little Hebrew imp," exclaimed the indignant counselor, "they are all *new suits*."

"Do you keep nails here?" asked a sleepy-looking lad, walking into a hardware store, the other day.

"Yes," replied the gentlemanly proprietor. "We keep all kinds of nails; what kind will you have, Sir, and how many?"

"Well," said the boy, sliding toward the door, "I'll take a pound of finger nails and about a pound and half of toe nails."

"Pathrick dear, come in and go to bed jist," said the wife of a jolly son of Erin, who had just returned from the fair, in a decidedly "how come you so" state. "You must be dreadful tired, shure, wid your long walk."

"Arrah! git away wid your nonsense," said Pat. "It wasn't the length of the way at all that fatigued me; 'twas the breadth of it!"

"One of the best editors the *Westminster Review* could ever boast, and one of the most brilliant writers of the passing hour, was a cooper in Aberdeen. One of the editors of the London *Daily Journal* was a baker in Elgin; perhaps the best reporter of the London *Times* was a weaver in Edinburgh; the editor of the *Witness* was a stone-mason. One of the ablest ministers in London was a blacksmith in Dundee; and another was a watch-maker in Banff. The late Dr. Milne, of China, was a herd-boy in Rhyne. The principal of the London Missionary Society's College at Hong Kong, was a saddler in Huntley; and one of the best missionaries that ever went to India was a tailor in Keith. The leading machinist on the London and Birmingham Railroad, with seven hundred pounds a year, was a mechanic in Glasgow; and perhaps the very richest iron founder in England was a working man in Moray. Sir James Clark, her Majesty's physician, was a druggist in Banff. Joseph Hume was a sailor first, and then a laborer at the mortar and pestle in Montrose. Mr. M'Gregor, the member from Glasgow, was a poor boy in Ross-shire. James Wilson, the member from Westbury, was a plowman in Haddington; and Arthur Anderson, the member for Orkney, earned his bread by the sweat of his brow in the Ultima Thule."

Said a philosophical old gentleman to his "hopeful," "My son, when cabmen take the pledge, and the police will not take supper when on culinary duty: when an omnibus half empty goes the same pace as a full one; when the laws of private property extend to umbrellas, and a case of confiscation may be dealt with as a theft; when your laundress gives up taking snuff, and abstains for four-and-twenty hours from touching any body's gin-bottle; *when a bachelor in lodgings finds a shirt without a button off*, and has his shaving-water brought without ringing more than five times for it: when the beef-eaters are all of them confirmed vegetarians, and no alderman will take a second plate of turtle—then, O my son! thou mayest chance to find a wife who will not object to travel without eight-and-twenty packages, and who will show herself possessed of such angelic self-denial as even to refuse thy offer of a dress because she finds and confesses that she doesn't want it."

In a recent trial before the Fire Commissioners, the following change of puns took place: witness was asked by the First Commissioner—"How long was it before the engines began to *play*?"—*Witness*: "I should say we were at *work*, Sir, within five minutes of being called. We do not call it *play*."—Second Commissioner: "I thought the *playing* of an engine was an expression well understood."—Third Commissioner: "I thought so too. I thought the engines *played* while the fire was at *work*."

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, May* 17, 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have been more active for Breadstuffs, yet, with free receipts of the leading kinds, prices closed in favor of buyers. Flour and Corn were mainly sought after by home dealers. The demand for Wheat was principally for shipment. Sound lots of Wheat were least plenty, and for such holders were asking somewhat firmer prices toward the close. The high claims of shipowners tended to check the export trade. Rye and Barley improved a little during the week, yet they closed languidly. Oats ruled dull and heavy.... Cotton has been less sought after, and it has declined a shade.... The movements in Groceries have been less extensive, but prices have not varied much.... Provisions have attracted less attention, and holders have not been able to sustain prices.... Hay has been freely offered and purchased at previous rates.... Hops and Grass Seeds ruled quiet and languid.... Naval Stores were depressed and drooping.... Tobacco was in fair demand, and was very firm.... A moderate inquiry prevailed for Wool at unaltered quotations. The new clip will soon begin to arrive, and buyers are moving with reserve in anticipation of lower prices.... The Spring Trade in Dry Goods is drawing to a close. It has been much lighter, yet far safer, than usual. Desirable goods continue to find ready buyers, and prices favored sellers.... The week's imports of Dry Goods amounted to $599,063 against $755,906 the correspoding week in 1857. The imports since the 1st of January have been $17,956,732 against $39,711,113 same time in 1857. The movements in other commodities were moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations.... We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$4 00	@	$4 35
Superfine to fancy Western do. "	4 00	@	4 30
Extra Western Flour, per barrel......	4 20	@	6 75
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel...	4 25	@	8 50
Super to Extra Canadian, per barrel ..	4 25	@	5 50
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel ..	4 45	@	7 35
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl..	3 00	@	3 40
Corn Meal, per barrel..............	3 40	@	3 87½
White Wheat, per bushel............	1 03	@	1 30
Red Wheat, per bushel	80	@	1 10
New Crop Corn, per bushel	70	@	74
Rye, per bushel	68	@	69
Barley, per bushel..................	56	@	64
Western Oats, per bushel	43	@	45
State Oats, per bushel...............	41	@	43
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel....	36	@	40
Southern Oats, per bushel............	28	@	36
Cotton, middlings, per pound..........	12¼	@	12½
Mess Pork, per barrel...............	17 50	@	17 60
Prime Pork, per barrel...............	—	@	14 25
Country Mess Beef, per barrel........	10 50	@	11 50
Country Prime Beef, per barrel.......	8 00	@	8 50
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce..........	18 00	@	22 00
Beef Hams, per barrel	16 00	@	18 00
Cut Meats, per pound................	6¼	@	9½
Lard, per pound.....................	10½	@	11½
State Butter, per pound.............	16	@	26
Western Butter, per pound	16	@	21
Cheese, per pound...................	6	@	8
Rice, per 100 pounds................	3 25	@	4 25
Rio Coffee, per pound...............	9¼	@	11¼
Cuba Sugar, per pound	5½	@	7½
Cuba Molasses, per gallon............	22	@	31
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	5½	@	7¼
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	35½	@	37
Hyson Teas, per pound	28	@	60
Oolong Teas, per pound..............	32	@	55
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	20¼	@	21
Bale Hay, per 100 pounds............	40	@	70
Hops, Crop of 1857, per pound........	4¼	@	7
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds ...	3 62½	@	—
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	47	@	47½
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 42½	@	1 45
American Fleece Wool	28	@	45
" Pulled Wool	20	@	33
Kentucky Tobacco	6¼	@	16
Seed Leaf Tobacco	9	@	35

Stock of several Articles on hand, in New York, about May 1.

	1857.	1858.
Ashes, barrels	6 0	1,435
Coffee, packages..................	97,724	45,673
Cotton, bales	87,385	62,815
Dyewoods, tons	539	3,143
Hemp, tons.......................	140	525
Hemp, bales	11.853	24,712
Hides, number	90,542	148,703
Leather, Sole, sides	113.300	117,400
Molasses, hogsheads	7,081	4,517
Molasses, barrels..................	1,150	3,960
Pork, barrels	40,963	41,730
Beef, tierces and barrels..........	23,930	22,672
Rice, tierces	6,927	8,470
Rice, bags.........................	1.364	—
Sugars, hogsheads	37,554	25,904
Sugars, bags......................	21,490	15,326
Sugars, boxes.....................	21,076	16,173
Tobacco, Crude, hogsheads........	4,023	4,403
Tobacco, Crude, bales............	8,905	851
Tobacco, Manufactured, packages	37,366	26,938

Freights were quite active, especially for Liverpool, during a portion of the week, but they closed tamely. For Liverpool—Cotton, 3-16d. @ 7-32d. per pound; Flour, 2s. 6d. per barrel; Grain, 9d. @ 9½d. per bushel; Rosin, 2s. 6d. per barrel; Beef, 4s. 6d. @ 5s. per tierce; and Heavy Goods, 20s. @ 25s. per ton. For other ports proportionate rates. The total number of vessels of all classes in port on Saturday was 775.

The Live Stock Markets last Wedndesday were unusually heavy for Beeves, the supply of which was largely in excess of the requirements of buyers.... Milch Cows were quiet, at unchanged prices, notwithstanding the diminishing receipts.—The war on Swill-Milk venders intimidates City buyers.... Veal Calves were less abundant, but were also in limited request, and prices were feebly supported.... Sheep and Lambs were plentier, and 25 to 50 c. per head cheaper, yet not active.... Swine were more freely offered than they were needed, and prices declined a shade.... The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending May 5.	Week ending May 12.
Beeves....................	3,463	3,589
Milch Cows	248	227
Veal Calves................	1,238	907
Sheep and Lambs	6,115	5,845
Swine	8,164	12,463

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

Illinois.............	1416	Virginia	103
Ohio.................	760	Kentucky..........	93
New York..........	375	Pennsylvania	70
Indiana.............	245	Canada.............	16
Iowa................	139		

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound ..	$ 6½	@	$ 9½
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head.	24 00	@	60 00
Veal Calves, per pound	3	@	6½
Sheep and Lambs, per head..........	2 00	@	6 00
" " per pound.........	8	@	12
Live Swine, per pound..............	5	@	5½
Dressed " "	5½	@	6½
Roasting Pigs, each..................	1 25	@	2 50

The Country Produce Markets have generally favored buyers, yet the demand has not been brisk. New Vegetables are rapidly supplanting old. Eggs continue quite plenty. The supply of Poultry is heavier.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, per barrel......................	$4 00	@	$4 50
Apples, dried, per pound.............	5½	@	6½
Peaches, dried, per pound	20	@	21
Plums, dried, per pound..............	20	@	22
Peanuts, per bushel	60	@	1 25
Beans, per barrel	1 10	@	1 75
Potatoes, old, per barrel..............	1 25	@	3 00
" per bushel.........................	65	@	75
" new, from Bermuda, per barrel.	4 50	@	—
" sweet, per barrel.................	5 00	@	5 50
Onions, old, per barrel	1 25	@	3 50
Turnips, per barrel....................	60	@	75
Parsnips, per barrel	87½	@	1 00
Carrots, per barrel.....................	2 25	@	2 50
Asparagus, per bunch	15	@	35
Rhubarb, per 100 bunches	3 00	@	6 00
Leeks, per 100 bunches	2 50	@	3 00
Garlic, per 100	—	@	5 00
Parsley, per 100 bunches..............	2 75	@	3 75
Lettuce, per 100 bunches..............	2 00	@	2 25
Radishes, per 100 bunches...........	1 12½	@	1 25
Spinach, per barrel....................	87½	@	1 00
Green Peas, per barrel	4 00	@	8 00
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	10	@	10½
Chickens, per pair......................	55	@	1 00
Fowls, per pound......................	14	@	16
Fowls, per pair.........................	88	@	1 00
Ducks, per pair	1 00	@	1 25
Ducks, per pound	18	@	20
Turkeys, per pound....................	15	@	18
Geese, per pound......................	11	@	13
Pigeons, per dozen	1 00	@	2 25

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE NEVER DID RUN SMOOTH.
ALDRICH'S NEW POEM.
Published immediately,
TRUE LOVE NEVER DID RUN SMOOTH.
(AN EASTERN TALE IN VERSE.)

This piquant little volume, by the author of "Babie Bell," tells of the haps and mishaps of two Eastern lovers whom a whimsical old Caliph endeavors to keep apart; and illustrates, in most delicious verse, the truth of Shakespeare's line; "The course of true love never did run smooth."

LIST OF CONTENTS.

I. The Caliph Muses.—II. How it struck the Lovers. —III. The Wedding Fête.—IV. How the Little Maiden Wept.—V. How Giaffer passed the Night.—VI. Hearts and Crowns.—VII. The Afrites give Giaffer a Hint.—VIII. In the Pavilion—Finale.

The book is issued in elegant style, with many dainty, quaint, and ingenious illustrations, upon fine cream laid tinted paper, and will delight the connoisseur of fine books.

Price 50 cents in muslin, or $1 50 in half calf. Sold by booksellers every where. This book will be sent by mail, *postage paid*, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.

RUDD & CARLETON,
Publishers and Booksellers,
No. 310 Broadway, New York.

A NEW DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE of HARPER & BROTHERS' PUBLICATIONS, with an Index and Classified Table of Contents, is now ready for distribution, and may be obtained gratuitously on application to the Publishers personally, or by letter inclosing SIX CENTS in Postage Stamps.

The attention of gentlemen, in town or country, designing to form Libraries or enrich their literary collections, is respectfully invited to this Catalogue, which will be found to comprise a large proportion of the standard and most esteemed works in English Literature—COMPREHENDING MORE THAN TWO THOUSAND VOLUMES—which are offered, in most instances, at less than one half the cost of similar productions in England.

To Librarians and others connected with Colleges, Schools, &c., who may not have access to a reliable guide in forming the true estimate of literary productions, it is believed this Catalogue will prove especially valuable as a manual of reference.

To prevent disappointment, it is suggested that, whenever books can not be obtained through any bookseller or local agent, applications with remittance should be addressed direct to the Publishers, which will be promptly attended to.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, Franklin Square, New York.

WILL TRUTH COMMAND ATTENTION?—To restore health we must purify the blood. Fevers, without exception, arise from foreign matters having been absorbed and retained in the circulation. These causes of sickness may produce an influenza, a croup, a rheumatism, gout, cholic, or a cough. But Brandreth's pills, simple, potent, and vegetable, remove the cause, and the cure follows, of course. They are the means of every day saving many valuable lives. Principal office 294 Canal Street, Brandreth Building. Sold also at 296 Bowery and 241 Hudson Street, at Cushman's, Broadway, corner of Twenty-second Street, and by Mrs. Hayes, 175 Fulton Street, Brooklyn. Price 25 cents a box.

TO ADVERTISERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A MAGNIFICENTLY ILLUSTRATED PAPER,
CIRCULATING IN EVERY SECTION OF THE UNION,

Offers unusual inducements to those who desire to bring their business prominently before the community.

1. Only a limited space is devoted to Advertisements.
2. The character and diffusion of the circulation are unequaled.
3. The Paper is generally preserved for Binding.
4. The Advertising Pages are rendered attractive, and can not escape the attention of the reader.
5. None but the most respectable class of Advertisements are admitted.
6. The charges are not as large, *proportionally*, as those of any other Weekly or Daily Paper.

A Liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to Advertise for Three Months or more.

TERMS.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

HARPER & BROTHERS.

CATARRH!

I am fully aware, that credulity has been taxed to its utmost, and public confidence nearly annihilated, by impositions and fraudulent pretences, in the shape of "*cure alls*" and specifics for every malady. As a physician of many years practice, I have witnessed with abhorrence and disgust such mercenary frauds. But I claim exemption from the charge of such duplicity from the *fact*—long since established—that my discovery of the nature, origin, and character, or, in other words, my pathology of Catarrh is true, and, that my treatment proves a positive and radical cure.

Applicants by letter must faithfully describe their symptoms.

Offices, No. 8 Bond Street, N. Y., and Marlborö Hotel, Boston. R. GOODALE, M.D.

WYOMING. Its History, Stirring Incidents, and Romantic Adventures. By GEORGE PECK, D.D. With Illustrations. 12mo, Muslin, $1 25.

The Valley of Wyoming, which is no less celebrated in English poetry than in American history, has been made the scene of terrible as well as romantic legends, which are now, for the first time, sifted in the light of critical research. For more than forty years the author has enjoyed special advantages for the study of its local traditions, and has assiduously devoted himself to the collection and exposition of facts. His work consists mainly of a succession of historic scenes, each narrative being complete in itself, and at the same time forming a portion of a general description on a larger scale.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

*** HARPER & BROTHERS will send the above Work by Mail, postage paid (for any distance in the United States under 3000 miles), on receipt of $1 25.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA.—This pleasant, simple, and most efficacious vegetable remedy for purifying the blood and the cure of scrofulous and cutaneous diseases, may be taken at this season with the greatest benefit by every one.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, No. 100 Fulton Street, New York.

VOL. I. OF HARPER'S WEEKLY,
handsomely bound in
CLOTH EXTRA,
is now ready.
Price $3 50.

N.B. This Volume can not be sent by Mail on account of its weight. It will be sent by Express, if so desired, freight to be paid by the Purchaser.

GROTE'S HISTORY OF GREECE.

Now Ready, a New Edition, with Portrait, Maps, and an Index. 12 vols. 12mo, Muslin, 75 cents each.

A HISTORY OF GREECE, from the earliest Period to the close of the Generation contemporary with Alexander the Great. By GEORGE GROTE, Esq.

NIEBUHR, *the Historian, in* 1827.—Endeavor to become acquainted with Mr. Grote, who is engaged on a Greek History. I expect a great deal from this production.

The Quarterly Review.—The author has now incontestably won for himself the title of the Historian of Greece.

The Times.—Mr. Grote is unrivaled in the erudition and genius with which he has revived the picture of a distant past, and brought home every part and feature of its history to our intellects and our hearts.

The Spectator.—The better acquainted any one is with Grecian history, and with the manner in which that history has heretofore been written, the higher will be his estimation of this work.

The Athenæum.—A great literary undertaking, equally notable whether we regard it as an accession to what is of standard value in our language, or as an honorable monument of what English scholarship can do.

The Examiner.—The acute intelligence, the discipline, faculty of intellect, and the excellent erudition every one would look for from Mr. Grote; but they will find here also the element which harmonises these, and without which, on such a theme, an orderly and solid work could not have been written. Poetry and Philosophy attend the historian on either hand, and do not impede or misguide his steps.

The Morning Chronicle.—We have seen no historical work of modern times which we would place above Mr. Grote's history.

The Literary Gazette.—A narrative which, long meditated, patiently elaborated, and accompanied at each stage with applause and expectation, will probably never be superseded.

The Dublin University Magazine.—Mr. Grote will be emphatically *the* historian of the people of Greece.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

*** HARPER & BROTHERS will send the above Work by Mail, postage paid (for any distance in the United States under 3000 miles), on receipt of the Money.

THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC. By J. LOTHROP MOTLEY. A new, revised, and corrected Edition, with a complete Index, and Portrait of WILLIAM OF ORANGE. 3 vols. 8vo, Muslin, $6 00; Sheep, $6 75; Half Calf, $9 00.

Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic" is written with knowledge, carefulness, judgment as to the substance, and with force, life, and attractive grace of style; above all, the man has written the thing he would.—*Globe.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

*** HARPER & BROTHERS will send the above Work by Mail, postage paid (for any distance in the United States under 3000 miles), on receipt of the Money.

PIESSE & LUBIN'S FRANGIPANNI. An Eternal Perfume from the Holy City. The Perfume, Soap, Sachet, Incense, Pomade. Exquisite in fragrance.

DUPUY, Chemist and Importer, 609 Broadway,
Sole Agents for the United States.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE 17TH VOLUME.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR JUNE.

CONTENTS.

THE CITY OF ELMS.
Illustrated by Twenty-three Engravings.
TROPICAL JOURNEYINGS.
Illustrated by Twenty-two Engravings.
THE MICROSCOPE.
Illustrated by Eight Engravings.
DEAR HUNTING.
OLD AND NEW STYLE.
OUR SONS.
ESTHER BENNETT'S LOVE AND HATE.
A NIGHT SCENE. By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.
A NEST OF CAVALIERS.
AN INCIDENT AT NIAGARA FALLS. By Mrs. GASKELL.
IN ARTICULO MORTIS.
A MOTHER'S CONFESSION.
THE VIRGINIANS. By W. M. THACKERAY.
Illustrations: The Dictionary-Maker.—The Ruling Passion.—Four Head-Pieces.
CHAPTER XXV. New Acquaintances.
CHAPTER XXVI. In which we are at a very great distance from Oakhurst.
CHAPTER XXVII. Plenum Opus Aleæ.
CHAPTER XXVIII. The Way of the World.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
LITERARY NOTICES. Books of the Month.
EDITOR'S TABLE.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.
MR. FLASHER'S LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.
Illustrations: Mr. F. sees his Enslaver.—Strikes an Attitude.—Grows Jealous.—Jealousy Increases.—Forms a Resolution.—Determines upon an Introduction.—Prepares for Action.—Proceeds to Action.—Imagines what will happen.—And then what.—Further Proceedings.—Recognition.—Nursing.—The Declaration.—The Reality.—Dream Ended.
FASHIONS FOR JUNE.
Illustrations: Promenade Costume and Boy's Dress.—Lace Berthe.—Bathing Dress.—Under-Sleeve.

THE present Number is the first of the Seventeenth Volume of HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. The Publishers refer to the Volume just concluded as the best assurance for the character of that which is now commenced. They believe that the Magazine embraces in its general plan every thing essential to an attractive literary miscellany, adapted to the wants of the American public. Its regular circulation has not been diminished even during the unexampled financial revulsion, which has proved disastrous to so many literary and commercial enterprises; and they are assured from every quarter that the Magazine is recognized as a necessity rather than a luxury. They therefore announce no "New Features" for the future. They will continue to fill the Magazine with articles inculcating sound views in Life and Morals; leaving, as heretofore, the discussion of sectarian opinions in Religion, and sectional questions in Politics, to their own appropriate organs. Wise men and true patriots agree upon points far more numerous than those upon which they differ. The object of the Magazine will be to unite rather than to separate the views and feelings of the people of different sections of our common country.

The Publishers do not find it necessary or expedient to appeal to public attention by issuing "Specimen Numbers" containing an unusual amount of matter or illustrations. They intend that every Number shall prove the Magazine to be the best and cheapest periodical published. It will contain a larger amount of matter, more numerous and better illustrations, printed in a better manner, than any other Monthly Magazine; and the Publishers are confident that it will deserve and receive the same cordial appreciation and liberal patronage which have been accorded to it during the Eight Years of its publication.

MR. THACKERAY'S NEW NOVEL, "THE VIRGINIANS," with many humorous Illustrations by the Author, was commenced in the DECEMBER Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. It is printed from early sheets—received from the Author in advance of publication in England—for which the Publishers pay Mr. Thackeray the sum of Two Thousand Dollars.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year	5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each)	2 00

And an extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS.

The Postage upon "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be paid at the Office *where it is received.* The Postage is *Thirty-six Cents a year.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—A retired gentleman having been restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is willing to assist others by sending (*free*) on receiving a stamped envelope bearing the applicant's address, a copy of the prescription used. Direct the Rev. JOHN M. DAGNALL, 186 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

KISS-ME-QUICK. Exquisite Perfume, distilled from fragrant Tulips.
E. DUPUY, Druggist and Importer, 609 Broadway.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,
A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

FIVE CENTS A NUMBER; $2 50 A YEAR.

BULWER'S BRILLIANT ROMANCE, entitled "WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?" pronounced to be the masterpiece of this polished, witty, and learned novelist, by special arrangement with the Author, appears in HARPER'S WEEKLY simultaneously with its publication in England.

TERMS OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

One Copy for One Year	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year	5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each)	2 00

And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Twenty Weeks	$1 00
One Copy for One Year	2 50
One Copy for Two Years	4 00
Five Copies for One Year	9 00
Twelve Copies for One Year	20 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year . . .	40 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TWELVE *or* TWENTY-FIVE SUBSCRIBERS.

*** Persons living in the City of New York wishing "Harper's Weekly" left at their houses, will please send their names and residences, with the subscription money, to the Office of Publication.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.